

JOHN BULL



No man looks twice at you

With vivid, attractive girls all around, you won't be noticed if anæmia is robbing you of colour and vitality. You can't be vivacious if you feel like a wet rag. Nor will cosmetics disguise a sallow, bloodless skin. But Wincarnis will banish anæmia by creating rich new blood. It will build up your strength, give you fresh energy, make you sleep more soundly. Start taking a glass two or three times a day, and you'll soon be a new person. Your complexion will take on the healthy glow of natural beauty—you'll wake up in the mornings refreshed and ready for anything. Give Wincarnis a trial, you'll soon feel the benefit, find you're getting back your looks, your



sparkle, the vivacity which makes men find you attractive.

Wincarnis is simply a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by recommendations from doctors to be a most effective remedy for all run down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and

**YOU'RE TERRIBLY
PALE AND
UNINTERESTING.
NO WONDER NO
MAN LOOKS TWICE
AT YOU. YOU'VE
NO ENERGY
AT ALL.**

chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 232, Wincarnis Works, NORWICH.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Thought she would never recover

"8 years ago I had a very severe breakdown from which I thought I should never recover. I was in hospital under specialists, also an in-patient in Nerve Hospital from which I derived no benefit. Then I was sent to Somerset to a home. I came back no better, so I wrote for a sample of WINCARNIS, to which I owe my recovery as I have been taking it ever since. People think I am simply wonderful how I have recovered. To-day, thank God, I am cured

and married again and do all my work with ease."

Mrs. F. W. R., Birmingham.
Wincarnis saved life and reason

"I had given up hope, having had nervous debility and become the despair of everyone—just longing to die out of everyone's way. Nothing roused me. Now thanks to WINCARNIS I am a different woman and back at my work advising everybody to give WINCARNIS a trial. It saved my life and certainly my reason."

Nurse D—, Oxford.

MEN WITH SPARE TIME

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the best values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: **THE Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11**

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Store SHED from **2/9** MONTHLY Design S.S.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing tools, garden implements, cycles, prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Best carriage paid. Roofing felt supplied. Free. (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long Wide High Cash or 12 payments

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Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, etc.

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London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

'STEP-EEZI'

ADJUSTABLE ARCH SUPPORTS

Wholesale prices this week! Prices and particulars sent with supports.

7 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Undeflatable Air Cushion under leather sole. Why should you consider "Map-Eel" before all others? Because the lift can be adjusted to suit, and increased as feet yield to treatment, they support bottom and side of instep, improve circulation, promote energy, shape feet instantly, lightweight, very flexible, far better than hard steel plates, give wonderful results. The absence of experience. Doctors use them. No. 8 Model for Ladies. State shoe size, if wide, and if stiffness behind toes. Pay after approval or return. Write now.

THE STEP-EEZI Co. (Dept. J251), BEDFORD.

Another Great Offer!

Everybody said "Impossible!" Well, we are doing it. Your 1935 British Snapshot Camera absolutely Free! Take beautiful "snap" pictures. Just to circulate quickly news of our marvellous "Spotshots" and L.A.M.A. A godsend for sports, dogs, racing, theatre, seaside or cruising holidays. They leave both hands free.

A "gift" at 5/- But that's all you need (with 6d. for post). Don't delay—send 5/6 to-day. In a few hours the amazing Snapshot Camera and Camera are in your hands. Not a toy. British made. 3 Viewfinders. Snap and Time exposures. Takes 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 films.

THE GENEVA WATCH STORES, 88, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

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'LUXURY' BARGAIN SALE.

Two Super quality AN Wool Blankets, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, weight 8 1/2 lb. pr. Two Heavy Blankets, 6 1/2 x 8 1/2, 10 lb. pr. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hamam Bed Sheets, 70 x 90 in. 4 1/2 lb. pair. One Fadedless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 7 x 9 ft. Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 64x84 in. Two Pillow Cases, 30x36. Bolster Case, 36x36 in. 10 lb. pr. We include 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6d. Blades, and Razor Strapper.
Combined value 3 gns. Free to
all purchasers of our 10/- Shock-
proof Lever Wrist Watches (ladies'
or gent's), as sold for 22/6. Beautiful
chrome case, luminous dial.
perfect timekeeper. Guaranteed 5 years. Send
NOW 10/- and 6d. for postage, and by return
you will receive this handsome Wrist Watch and
7 quality gifts. Money back if not delighted.
GENEVA WATCH STORES,
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WANTED IN ALL DISTRICTS

Men and Women as part-time or full-time
Agents to sell our Popular Packet Teas.
Accredited Agents given every support.
If you want to make money and build up
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convincing proof of how it can be done.
Send now for full particulars, without
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A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save
hundreds of Cycles of all
kinds, many fitted with
Burmey-Archer
3-speed gear and Dunlop
tyres. Approval willingly
carriage paid. As an advertisement
a 15/- Free Gift Coupon
will be given to all who
write for my
FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Robey
CYCLE WORKS, LTD., COVENTRY

6.6.0 VALUE FOR 48/- YOURS

Real Piano Accompanions at
Reduced Prices.
Piano Finished
Cabinet, Steel
Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows,
Triple Chord Action, Complete with
Shoulder Strap, 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only
3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 58/-
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Illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass;
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Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive Terms.
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Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris.
8x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Kryptonium" Bending
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Throws a gentle rain spray
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ABSOLUTELY FREE.
Just to introduce our new
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we are giving away this high-
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button filling Fountain Pen with
simulation GOLD NIB, BANDS &
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L. W. Cash. Down 12Pins.
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This offer may never be repeated. Send now.
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PAIR
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Guaranteed for
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**END TIRED
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Place pair of these socks in your shoes and
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Best British Made—will last 12 months.
Our name on each pair guarantees their
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Send for yours TO-DAY stating size
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This is the greatest bargain
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This Wonderwave Setter makes
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No electricity or heat needed—
yet it sets your hair 'professionally'
in one hour.

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HAIR SETTER**
THOS. H. GRAHAM
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Usually sold at 6/11,
our bargain Price
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Cochrane & Sons help you to make money.
Ladies' Fine Silk Hosiery, famous make, 12/6 doz.;
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PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL. every kind.
Easy terms for Spare-time Agent and Shop-
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SUMMER WEAR FENTS.
BEST MAKE-UP IN TRADE. LIST FREE.
REMNANT HOUSE, Taylor St., ACCRINGTON.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

IS CASH BONUS & Half Profit. Either Sex,
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particulars. Letherbee, Broad St. Champs, Bath, Som.

SOMETHING really new in Clubs! The
"Sixth" Club is different. At last, just what
club organisers and members have been waiting
for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why
wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices
only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 8/-
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Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered
in one catalogue at such low prices. Send
p.c. NOW for newly issued catalogue.
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Free gift every agent. Highest commission.
Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. No
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Eaton & Co. (Desk 33), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

MEN WITH SPARE TIME looking for lucra-
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advertisement of Messrs. Freemans, top of p. 2.

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Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 8,
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AIR FORCE.—Young Men will be wanted as
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Particulars free. — Dept. 140, THE BENNETT
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TELEPHONY, RADIO AND MOTOR ENGINEERING
are expanding rapidly. There are lots of
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eligible. Advice on all careers free. — DEPT. 140,
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G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience re-
quired). Commencing £4 per week. Age 17-23.
Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance
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required: open examination; vacancies regularly
available: ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with
personal advice free. — Dept. 140, The Bennett
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CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers,
offered to keen young men aged 18-21. Com-
mencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is
not difficult. — For full details apply to B.T.I.
(Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG Men Physically fit should join the
Police. Study at home in your spare time. We
have special courses for entrance and promo-
tion; 1/- per week brings success. Full par-
ticulars free or advice about other careers.
— Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.
— Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements
inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London
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Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. — Write for
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Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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zines, Schedules, Price Lists, Dup. Books, all
Stationery, etc. Samples 2d. — Keas's (60), Sandy.

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All ads average
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Address: The Advertisement Manager,
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CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads 3/6, 1,000
Handbills 1/6. Cards, Memos, etc. Samples
free. — CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Suxted, Sussex.

CHEAP PRINTING! — Dup. Books from 1/-
each; Billheads from 2/6 1,000; Cards, Memos,
Samples, free. Pearson's, 164, New Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2/6d. per roll.
Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING
WALLPAPER CO., 53, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CHINA. 120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrns.,
Mugs, etc., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 Cups
& Scrns. 6/-. Glass & Hardware Col. Catlg. & Guide
worth 2s. FREE. Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

GIRLS! Keep that perm permanent by using
the Wonderwave Setter. Usually sold at 6/11,
now only 2/6 if you reply to the advertisement
of Thomas H. Graham, which you will find in
John Bull's "Shop Window" on page 3.

FREE.—Jay's wonderful free bargain cata-
logue of furniture on easy terms. Fill in the
coupon on page 29, post in 1d. stamped unsealed
envelope and free catlg. etc., will come by return.

SPECIAL OFFER to John Bull readers.
GENT'S WRIST WATCH. Guaranteed shock-
proof lever movement, non-magnetic hair-
spring, silver metal dial in heavily chromed
two-piece dust-proof case, complete with leather
strap. Each watch timed and tested before
dispatch. Only 6/6, post free. UNBEATABLE
VALUE. — FORD'S, 102, CHARLOTTE ROAD,
SHEFFIELD, 1.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Royal En-
field Cycle advt. on p. 35 for a free catalogue
explaining all about Enfield cycles, which can
be obtained on easy terms of 2/- weekly.

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

Toilet Paper

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for Price, Quality & Quantity

Capensis Toilet Rolls Save Money

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Capensis is a big roll and is in every
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most delightfully soft and soothing
paper, and is guaranteed to be per-
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wife, however much she may pay for
her toilet rolls, could possibly get one,
whether medicated or not, that is
safer or more satisfactory in use. So
why not ask for the threepenny
Capensis—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

Capensis is obtained from most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.

Made only by
BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD. — **HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.8**
Established over 50 years and the largest makers of Toilet Rolls in the United Kingdom.

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WALLPAPERS FROM 2d. ROLL.
NEW BARGAIN BOOK. POST FREE.
(J.B.) BRUCE & HALL, SOUTH SHIELDS.

SUMMER Time price Wools. Write for free
making guide and patterns rug and knit
wools, and see the new extra values. — Newcastle's
Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2/6d. roll.
New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne
Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SUTCLIFFE'S for Sheds and Portable Bulle-
tins of all kinds from 2s. 9d. monthly. Note
the illustrated advertisement on page 2.

WALLPAPERS (All British) — Free Book 1935
newest designs by return post. — Eclips Wall-
papers, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CYCLISTS! A 15s. Free Gift Coupon is
waiting to be claimed by you. Note the offer
of Messrs. Chas. T. Robey, Ltd., in this week's
"Shop Window." page 3.

WALLPAPERS — THE SLAKEY MORRIS
FAMOUS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE. —
Dept. 3 B.55, London Rd., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

17 NURSERY RHYMES on Gramophone
Records, complete set 6d. only. A full descrip-
tion is given in the advertisement of Aircraft
Products, Ltd., on page 3.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2/6d. PER ROLL. Best
value in the U.K. Patterns free. PAPER TONES,
Ltd., 1, Morais Buildings, Merthyr Tydfil.

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER
should send 2/- for my Baby clothes parcel on
appro. The complete 18-article Home-made
Layette for 30/-. (Cash payment or Terms.)
Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or
Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels,
Woolies, Pettis, Napkins, etc. A superior nur-
sing home quality 42/-. Also tucking sets, 18/6
and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 60, DOVER
ROAD, PORTSMOUTH

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy,
proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley
Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture
Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No
lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Bands
and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial.
Catalogue free. — Address, Brooks Appliance Co.,
Ltd. (4828), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets
are a speciality. Positive Cure by removing the
cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with
daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or
1/4d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co.,
34/38, Colner, Derby.

FREE Sample of Cephus, the Physician's
Remedy for Colds, Flu, Headache, Neuralgia,
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and
effective. In Powders and Tablets. — Send p.c.
to CEPHUS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

FOR SAFETY take Simpkins Chemists' Con-
fections; made only for your good health. Sold
exclusively by 10,000 qualified chemists.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak
Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Head-
aches, Shyness, etc., send for my free booklet
Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1

EVERY sufferer from skin troubles or bad
legs should get this brilliant new book "The
Home Treatment of Skin Troubles" pub-
lished by the makers of Ceramide Skin Cream.
Fill in the coupon on p. 23 and send to
Veneo Drug Co. (Dept. J.B.24), 10, Lamb's Conduit St.,
and get your copy of this free book NOW.

FREE trial samples of our cones for all
45 for free trial supply and interesting 12-
booklet, which explains all about this new
remedy.

NERVY and run-down? A free sample of
Wincarnis is offered on the Free Coupon (p. 32).
Wincarnis Works, 10, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.
In stamps to cover cost of postage, please send 4d.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pain-
Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the
coupon (plus postage) on the back cover.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds,
Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, American Gold
Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Free Catalogue.
Nothing too large nor too small. Cash prices paid.
BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of up-
Scrns. Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing 42s
and list FREE. — Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or 11 per
month. No references required even if you are
householders. Call or write to Dept. M.4 for
Ladies' Summer Catlg. Also Gentlemen's Catlg. —
SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.

PERSONALITY.—The World's Greatest
Asset, cultivated by natural methods. A free
booklet, price 2/-, post free — R. Whittier,
157, Langstone Road, Portsmouth.

WALK ON IODINE and keep fit always. Get
a pair of Penn's Iodine Insoles, described in the
advertisement foot of page 3.

THERE'S Romance in a Cornish Holiday!
Excellent facilities exist for bathing, bathing,
angling and sea-fishing amidst Cornwall's de-
lightful scenery and majestic cliffs. Two special
books have been issued on the Cornish Area
and can be obtained at prices mentioned in
the O.W.B.'s Announcement on p. 14.

A NOTE for Mothers! Do you know that a
complete Mother Goose story ("Simple Simon")
and many others appears on every packet of
Kellogg's Rice Krispies, the delicious and
healthful cereal, costing only 7 1/2d. per packet
at all grocers.

THOUSANDS of men and women have solved
their hair problems by accepting the first
offer of any three of the famous Harlene hair
preparations advertised on p. 43. Simply send
the coupon, enclosing necessary stamps for
postage, etc. Mention which numbers are re-
quired.

HERE'S a unique FREE offer. A safety can-
opener—the safest thing ever invented! This is
offered in the Skipper advertisement on p. 31.
Collect a Blue Skipper wrapper tops and send
them with your name and address to Dept. 10,
Angus Watson & Co., Ltd., Southall, Middlesex,
and get one of these safety can-openers free.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shaver," the
modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in
the advt. on the back cover to your name and
address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

HAVE you tried "Soo" the new even
cleaner? If your grocer or ironmonger cannot
supply, send his name and address to Dept. 10,
to "Soo," 22, Smalley Street, London, E.1/8,
and a free sample is sufficient for a thorough
test, will be sent to you. This offer appears in
the advt. on p. 28.

WOMEN readers of this paper can obtain a
de Luxe Beauty Outfit, containing TOKALON
preparations. Simply send 3d. in stamps to
cover cost of postage, packing, etc. to Tokalon,
Ltd. (Dept. 232L), Chase Road, London,
N.W.10. This offer appears on page 32.

FREE.—Write to-day for brand-new all-
photography holiday book explaining all about
Morecambe and Barmston to the Advertising
Manager, Room 55, Town Hall, Morecambe.
Further information appears in the announce-
ment on p. 36.

FREE samples of Cuticura Soap, Ointment
and Talcum are offered in the advt. on page 5.
Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and
address Cuticura (Dept. 7500), Newnes &
Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

£300 in cash prizes must be won. 1st prize
£200, 2nd prize £150, and others offered
in the Nesle's Cocoa Competition on p. 37.
Turn to this while you think of it, and send
in your entry. You can send in as many as
you like, provided you comply with the special
conditions outlined in the announcement.

AN easy-to-work transfer of the delightful
tray cloth illustrated in the Robin Starch
advt. on p. 23 is offered free to every reader of
this paper in exchange for only one 1d. stamp.
The price for one 10d. packet of 12, 11d. of
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measures 20 in. x 14 in. Be sure to use coupon
on p. 33, enclosing your Robin Starch 1d.
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Dept., Reckitt and Sons Ltd., Hull.

PERSONAL.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE don't miss the free
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back to pages 2 and 3 NOW. Make a point
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every week—it pays.

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booklet, sent privately for 1d. stamp, explaining
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The Small Ads. Worth Watching
on page 4.

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"FIRE!" The dread cry went forth spreading the tragic news, and soon there came the shrill clang of the fire-engine as it raced to the scene. The home involved was that of a registered reader of JOHN BULL—Mr. J. Harrison, of 40, Burnley Road, Halifax.

When the flames were eventually extinguished, all that was left of cherished possessions was smouldering, blackened, charred debris.

Heartbreaking—and all caused by a spark alighting on some clothes that were hanging in front of the fire. Read for yourself what Mr. Harrison wrote to JOHN BULL when he gratefully acknowledged the cheque sent to him as Benefit under JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift:

"We have received your welcome cheque, for which we thank you. Without your help we should have been in 'Queer' Street, as the fire had destroyed all our treasured possessions and furniture. We shall now be able to start a new home. I can assure you

we shall never have done singing the praises of JOHN BULL Fire Insurance."

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J.B. 25/3/35

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
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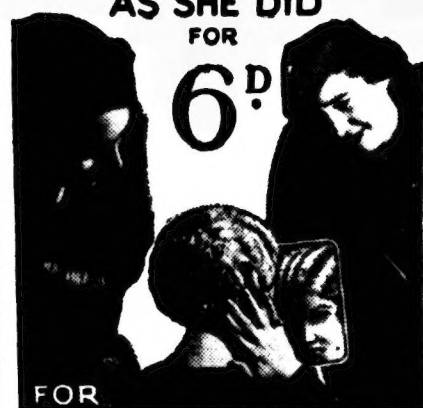
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THE Forbidden MARRIAGE

EVERY year, for the past decade, an average of 8,000 people are divorced by the courts of this country.

As far as the law is concerned, any of these people are—to use the words of the Judicature Act of 1925—"as free to marry again as if the prior marriage had been dissolved by death."

But, as far as the Church of England is concerned, they are all dead.

The whole 80,000 of them, the past ten years' returns of unhappy marriages, died on the day their decrees were made absolute. The Church, by an arbitrary ruling of its present leaders, will withhold its sacraments from them. No priest may marry them again. This applies to innocent parties in a divorce case as well as to the guilty.

That ruling has reached its present rigour as a result of a pastoral letter issued three years ago by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Even to such stalwarts of the Church as the late Lord Brentford, and to many thousands of devout and loyal churchgoers, the ruling came at an unfortunate moment.

It appeared, and has been carried into effect during a time when the Church of England has been bemoaning its empty places of worship, when its leaders were making strenuous efforts to fill the pews again, and wondering how they themselves could regain contact with modern life.

Furthermore, according to high legal opinion, the present attitude of the Church towards divorced persons is a deliberate breaking of the law and a flouting of the sovereign power of Parliament. And it is shortly to be tested in the courts.

A woman, the innocent party in a recent divorce action, wishes to remarry, but the clergyman of her local church has refused to carry out the ceremony. His refusal has been confirmed by the Bishop of the diocese to whom the woman also appealed. Now she is to bring the parson into the courts.

The issue is this.

The Church of England is an "organised operative institution" subject to the King, subordinate to Parliament and the laws of this country. It is the "Church of England as by law established," with all that term and definition implies. It has never challenged the supremacy of Parliament. The law clearly states that a divorced person may have his or her banns published, and is entitled to be married in a church. It further says that previously prohibited degrees such as husband and deceased wife's sister, and uncles and nieces by marriage, may also be united in church.

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Those are facts which should be widely known. In effect, every clergyman who refuses to marry a divorced person, or those released from the prohibited degrees, breaks the law. The bishops' rulings are, according to this interpretation, incitements to break the law. The analogy is, bluntly speaking, as if the Postmaster-General told all postmen to break the regulations.

The woman who is to fight this case on behalf of thousands of others who are debarred from their Church rights will apply for a writ against the parson concerned. If it is granted, and he refuses to comply, then there will be penalties.



Without Fear
or Favour

JOHN BULL readers need no reminding that we have ever been on the side of the Church in its relations with the nation.

But we have no hesitation in saying it is a disgraceful thing that the Church should so have muddled and mismanaged its attitude, on so vital a matter as marriage and divorce, that the problem must be dragged before the courts.

Five years ago a committee of Convocation (the Parliament of the Church) began to deliberate so that the matter of the Church's attitude could be settled once and for all.

This body was to find a solution which would be in keeping with the Church's integrity, and yet with the needs of the time, and with the Church's responsibility to those growing thousands of genuinely devout members who have found themselves in the grievous position of being divorced and wishing to remarry.

But the committee has talked and talked, and there is no report out yet. And all the time it has talked the muddle has grown worse. Civil law has amplified the right of divorced people to marry in church. Church rulings have forbidden it. Some individual clergymen have permitted it. Finally, some prelates have forbidden it in one case and allowed it in another precisely similar set of circumstances.

Last autumn, for instance, Mr. A. C. Bosson, the famous architect and M.P. for Maldstone, applied to be married in his own parish church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The lady's previous marriage, however, had been dissolved, and when

the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard heard of this he refused a permit.

He was merely obeying the strict rule of the London diocese.

Mr. Sheppard persisted in his refusal even after Mr. Bosson had surprisingly told him that he had the Bishop of London's permission. Later this permission was officially confirmed, and the marriage in church took place.

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At another London church, St. Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate, many divorced people have been married by the incumbent, Dr. Gelkie Cobb, in spite of continued rebukes from the Bishop. The principle worked on there is that, if a licence is asked for, the Bishop may refuse it, but if three weeks' notice has been given he has no power to do so!

There was a case recently of an organist who, having secured a divorce and wishing to remarry, travelled the country in search of a clergyman bold enough to ignore the Bishops' illegal ban.

Another case quoted at a Churchmen's Conference at Cambridge was that of a religious woman who, having been deserted soon after marriage and, having secured a divorce, wished to remarry. For years her prospective husband begged her to marry him in a register office—if the Church refused. Her answer always was, "No, I want to be married in a church with the Church's blessing." She had to wait six years until at last the Bishop relented and allowed a Church marriage.

In the face of this problem, and the thousands of cases like these, what have the leaders of the Church done?

Although the long-awaited report of Convocation is not available yet, JOHN BULL is able to disclose that this final judgment of the Church is likely to intensify the ban against divorce, and widen still further the rift between the State and the Church on this question. The diehards, the unprogressives, have had matters their own way. The strongest section has actually proposed that a vow be inserted in the marriage service against divorce on penalty of excommunication.

Thus they would deny people not only the right to remarry after divorce, whether innocent or guilty, but also the right to Grace itself.

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Fortunately, such extremism has little chance of success. Any such alterations in the marriage service would have to be incorporated in a measure which must pass Parliament. And there is small doubt as to how Parliament would treat it.

But that such an action could be even contemplated shows how little the leaders of the Church are alive to this great and pressing modern problem of marriage and divorce.

It is time now that the Church should be clearly told where its powers in this matter begin and end; and to have the position of Church and State clearly defined. Therefore, though with deep sorrow that matters should have come to such a pass, we welcome this forthcoming case, when a parson will be haled into the courts for obeying his Bishop. It is a step in the right direction; the only direction now which can lead to the final solution of an appalling muddle.

Holiday Homes for the Mothers—Why Not?

Disgracing the Name of Sport

Sick Child Denied a Doctor

guests now staying at the Etherley home are the wives of workless men.

Queen's interest

We must not forget the fine work accomplished by the Mary Macarthur Memorial Home at Ongar, in Essex, which caters for women trade unionists and women members of similar organisations.

But what of the women who have no such status?

We cannot imagine a more appropriate Jubilee Year tribute to the Queen than a fund designed to aid these deserving mothers. She has shown her interest in the Mary Macarthur hostel by becoming its patron and paying it several visits, and we believe she would be the first to welcome such a fund

as we suggest.

It would, we know, receive the support of the whole country.

Black year for mothers

From that excellent experiment we pass to the disturbing news that 3,500 mothers died in childbirth last year—fifty more than in the previous year.

The Minister of Health says he is still enquiring into the problems of maternal mortality. He has been doing that for three years, so isn't it time enquiries stopped and action began?

Terrible journeys

He should, without delay, see that local authorities make adequate provision for expectant mothers.

A woman trade union official, complaining that there is no maternity hospital at Barry Dock, tells how an expectant mother was taken eight miles to Cardiff by ambulance, was unable to obtain a bed there, had to be raced another four miles, again refused accommodation, and sent back to Cardiff. She was in the ambulance for two and a half hours!

We hear so many cases of this sort that we sometimes wonder the rate of the mortality is not even higher.

Snubbed

Still, we must admit that even the more wideawake local officials are apt to get little encouragement.

A few months ago the medical officer of Sunderland reported that he was seriously disturbed about the poor standard of public health in his district.

Whitehall sent a committee of experts there, and they have issued a report which snubs the local officer and practically accuses him of scaremongering.

Fit for Bedlam

Yet this, on their own admission, is what they found:

Expectant mothers, 27 per cent. not properly nourished. Young children, 28 per cent. in a similar state. Young men and girls, 28 per cent. Adult men, some increase in neurotic conditions.

Would it not be the limit of dangerous craziness to allow such conditions to continue?

In the name of sport

Again, though foreign artistes are often banned from giving wholesome entertainment in Britain, our alien laws do not save us from such revolting scenes as those which broke up an all-in wrestling bout at Wolverhampton.

The defeated Italian wrestler assaulted the referee with a rope, bombarded his opponent with chairs and tables, and threw a basin of water over the spectators. He had previously threatened his

French opponent out of the ring and jumped on his stomach.

The jungle would seem to be a more fitting background for such contests than the ring.

Horse play

The next stupidity is reported from South Shields. Some genius took a hunter mare to a cinema to watch her reactions to a racing film.

As she dragged her groom through the theatre and smashed twenty seats, both man and horse being extricated from the wreckage with difficulty, we doubt if very much was learned from the mad experiment.

Payment in kind

And though we have great admiration for the youth hostels movement, we most emphatically do not approve of the unfortunate experiment made at Durham.

A caretaker employed at a hostel there receives free rooms, light and coal—but no wages!

We cannot blame the local Guardians for refusing him relief, but we have only contempt for those who compel workers to apply for a public subsidy.

Making milk safer

On the other hand, we congratulate the Ministry of Health on its new campaign for safer milk.

It has been found that many pasteurisation plants are defective, with the result that the milk treated in them is not rendered germ-free. The Ministry is now seeking to remedy this evil, and we wish it all success.

Better buildings?

Another step which deserves public approval is the setting up of a Government commission on the teaching of art and design. It will also consider the measures required to secure closer co-operation concerning the design of new London buildings.

This may not seem very exciting, but if it leads to better design in the Metropolis and other great cities the enquiry will be well worth while.

Help for old folks

The London County Council, too, is setting an example that other cities should follow. Old couples in public institutions are to be provided with little homes of their own in which they may resume family life again.

And the workhouse sites are to be used

for the erection of flats for workers who must live near their employment.

Generous and wise

The L.C.C. is also bringing a little variety into the lives of single men who have been shut up for years in institutions. They are being given the chance to go to the council's country farms and receive a course of training there.

There is no compulsion, but the number who jump at the offer shows how welcome the idea is.

Denied a doctor

Very different is the sentiment among certain officials at Blyth, Northumberland.

According to Councillor Breading, mother was compelled to pawn blankets to obtain medical attention for her sick child, owing to the refusal of a relieving officer to provide a doctor.

As if to add insult to injury, another councillor on the guardians' committee considered it a grave reflection on the parents because they didn't themselves seek a doctor. Yet the father was out of work and had only 35s. a week to support a family of seven!

Cause and effect

Until quite recently, coal worth £250,000 was stolen from pitheads and railway sidings in South Wales. Hundreds of men and women were brought before the courts, many sent to jail and fined.

Now certain big colliery companies allow unemployed families to "pick" coal from the refuse heaps—and the from pitheads is becoming almost negligible!

This is surely yet another proof that poverty is the chief cause of crime.

Fate's hardest blow

We invite your sympathy for a South London man, Walter Mould, who for twenty years has been struggling against physical handicaps. Lame and with cataract in one eye, he has managed to earn a living by running a shooting gallery.

The other day an intoxicated youth missed his aim—and the shot destroyed Mould's one good eye. When he saw what he had done the youth had to be restrained from committing suicide, and he is certainly lucky to have been put on probation.

We hope the magistrate's appeal for public help for the unfortunate cripple will evoke generous response.

Too dear

Every summer brings its toll of children drowned in canals and ponds. They go to such places because their parents cannot afford to pay the fee demanded at the local swimming baths.

Even some of the London boroughs charge 4d. for each child—an exorbitant rate which suggests an acute drought. In most towns the fee is only a penny less.

Frankly, such figures are far too high. They should be scaled down at once to something within the reach of the pockets of working people.

Cheap and nasty

There can be few war pension scandals so abominable as that which we described a fortnight ago, when we related how a young ex-soldier, Alfred Welch, had his pension terminated in 1921, continued to suffer from his wounds, recently had a leg amputated and then had a pension restored to him of 8s. a week.

We are glad to see that, a week after our article appeared, Mr. Welch's case was raised in Parliament. The Minister of Pensions's spokesman gave an assurance that he would receive an "appropriate pension" when his treatment ceased, but even that will be little compensation for the years in which he endured torture but received no allowance!

Surely, at least, the pension should be retrospective?



Free from their daily drudgeries . . . enjoying their first holiday for years

THANKS to the generosity of the public, thousands of poor children are enabled to spend a few days' holiday each year by the sea or in the country. Appeals for this excellent purpose are never made in vain.

But why is no appeal ever issued for the benefit of tired mothers, who, even more than their children, are badly in need of rest and recreation?

We have no doubt that such a cause would receive the full-hearted support of the charitable, to whom we commend an excellent example just provided by the National Council of Social Service.

Mothers at ease

This organisation has acquired a large and comfortable residence, standing in its own fine grounds at Etherley, in county Durham, and adapted it as a summer hostel.

To this house the work-weary mothers of Durham, Northumberland and the North Riding are being invited to spend periods of eleven days free from the worries and drudgeries of their daily existence.

Here they may obtain a thorough rest in healthy surroundings.

Happy conspiracy

We are particularly glad that well-to-do people in the district are entering into a happy conspiracy to relieve them of any feeling of isolation by visiting them and asking them out to tea.

The first batch of mothers has already arrived, and others will follow throughout the summer. They will be called upon to pay only 10s. for their holiday, a sum which includes the fare, while arrangements have been made to enable them to save up this amount before their visit.

Most deserving mothers

There must be hundreds of thousands of mothers in this country, most deserving of a holiday, but who have never had one for years and to whom the pleasant facilities of a holiday home would be a godsend, and we see no reason why such an admirable institution should not be provided in every county.

It is true that there are a few—very few—homes for women recovering from serious illness. But it cannot be denied that holidays should be available for those who, though not physically disabled, are urgently in need of a convalescence from the cares of maintaining a family on an inadequate income. Incidentally, it is fitting that the

The Fragrant Minute.

GOOD NEWS

I'll look for pleasant things to-day and, looking, I will find them. I'll gather them along the way and with my memory find them. I'll bring them home when it is night and call my friends around me. I'll tell them of the day's delight and they will probe and sound me.

I'll tell them of the golden gorse, the forest edge where it was growing. (Not that one ever forgets, of course, the thorns that mingled with its glowing!) I'll tell them of a bluebell dell and of a blackbird singing, singing, until his music cast a spell and started all those bluebells ringing!

I'll look for pleasant things to-day of one sort and another. Then, later, on the homeward way, meeting a saddened brother, I'll tell him of the joys I've seen, perhaps they'll heal his sorrow. "The world is gold and pink and green and you'll have joy to-morrow!"

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor. JOHN BULL.

LAST week a state of absolute drought was recorded in Great Britain. "Absolute" drought means a period when for fifteen days less than .01 of an inch of rain has fallen.

Most areas of the country can now easily qualify under this parched standard. On the usually damp seaboard of Cheshire and Lancashire no rain had fallen, on the day "official drought" was declared, for twenty-two days. Harrogate, Scarborough and Bridlington on the North-East coast had not seen a drop for twenty-one days. The South and East coasts from Folkestone to Cleethorpes had been dry for seventeen days. Scotland is in a like pass and huge areas of the agricultural Midlands and the South-West the same.

And this is May, with April's showers presumably over and gone, and the hot, dry days of summer close at hand!

Meanwhile, so far as we can see, nothing at all has been done by the authorities to insure against the country suffering once more from all the dangers and inconveniences that another drought summer will bring in its train. Nothing, that is, of any real and vital value.

Last Easter, before Parliament rose for the holiday recess, Mr. Greenwood and Dr. Addison, both ex-Ministers, voiced the country's fears for the coming summer, and demanded to know what steps the Ministry of Health had taken to deal with the drought threat, which was already then apparent.

Mr. Shakespeare, the Parliamentary Secretary, answered for Sir Hilton Young, who was, it seemed, engaged elsewhere when this important matter came up for discussion. He "pooh-poohed" their fears. He told the House that the Government, having got over "the worst drought in the history of this country," was not worrying any more.

With regard to risks in the present year, he spoke of the big schemes which were being "worked out." He mentioned that the Ministry had granted permission to local authorities to spend over £3,000,000 on anti-drought measures, and that it had actually made grants to the tune of half a million.

But where are those grandiose schemes and where is the money being spent?

We must face the fact now, that from present indications, the coming summer may see a drought every bit as bad as last year's. In London the rainfall so far is only a quarter of what it should be for the same period in a normal year. But London, like most other large towns, is not so badly off. There will be enough because money has been spent lavishly and reserves of water supplies created by making extra borings and utilising tributaries. The big towns have profited by the lesson of last year's bitter experience; and they can do so because they are large, rich and generally progressive.

But what about the rest of the country? And, in particular, what about the rural areas? Ten million of Britain's rural population draw their water supply from shallow wells. Ten millions! And they are all going to be worse off this year than last, for the simple reason that the depletion which took place then has never been made good. Many of them had water for at least a portion of last year. So far this year they have had none. In the very heart of the fruitful Vale of Aylesbury, for instance, they are thinking of taking to camels! In four villages the wells dried up a year

Drought DREAD AGAIN!



Only a month ago this woman was buying water near Stratford-on-Avon. The winter had not helped her out of her plight—neither has the Government

ago, and have remained dry since. The local council buys water from miles away at 3d. a gallon and rations it to the inhabitants. In one village a councillor issues water at the rate of two gallons a week per person. He does it out watchfully, like a ship's captain to his castaway crew on a raft in mid-ocean. This in 1935 and in the heart of England!

Where are the wonderful anti-drought schemes in Norfolk? In this county there is a village of 1,000 inhabitants who have to be supplied by R.A.F. tank lorries driven from Birches Newton aerodrome miles away. If a lorry breaks down they all go thirsty.

Or in Northants. Near Kettering, the inhabitants are drinking up the local boating lake. In the West Country, the water has "gone west," too, and there is no hope of relief. In dozens of places between Taunton and Stratford-on-Avon the water supply is being rationed to an hour or so a day, or is being sold at 1d. and 1d. a bucket. And it is not yet summer.

The large towns may be reasonably well off for water supplies—but the plight of the countryside is going to hit the towns eventually.

It is a question of arithmetic as well as of human misery and privation. A milking cow needs 25 gallons of water a day. If the farmer has to cart that supply from long distances, the price of milk goes up. If the cow does not get the supply its milk yield goes down and the price still goes up.

Similarly a horse needs 12 gallons a day, and even a pig requires two gallons. So the matter of water supply in rural areas governs the price townspeople have to pay for farm produce.

It also governs the quality and the safety of farm foods. If the farmer cannot get enough water to keep his beasts and their houses clean and to cool his milk, if his stock must drink from slimy pools or go with less than enough, then it is a bad look-out for the milk supply.

In Lincolnshire cattle are now being driven to the delphs or drains which intersect the flat lands. This water is often bad for cattle because it contains in solution arsenic and copper from crop fertilisers, and tar products from the roads. People, too, are compelled to drink it for want of proper supplies.

Children in Lincolnshire have been suffering from "blis-erpo" ascribed to drinking bad and contaminated water.

Not long ago JOHN BULL told the country about the contamination of our fine rivers which was being caused by the unrestricted discharge of

effluents and waste from factories along their banks.

Among others we mentioned the Witham, Ouse and Trent as rivers where thousands of poisoned fish could be seen floating dead and dying upon the surface. It treated the scandal as a threat to the great sport of angling. But there is now a more serious side to that matter. People who live near the banks are to-day drinking from these rivers which poisoned fish. They were doing so during last year's drought, and they will again, perhaps with unhappy results.

According to the best authorities there is no real absolute shortage of fresh water in the country. As Lord Desborough pointed out recently, reserves are bound to be less because of concrete roads and built-up areas which prevent percolation to underground sources. And larger demands on the supplies are made owing to population's growth and increased uses in industry. But still there should be sufficient for everybody.

Accessibility to everybody is the thing that is required. That is the object of the "schemes" supposed to have been initiated last year. But there is no sign yet that they have even begun to come into operation!



Three million pounds may seem a very impressive figure. But it must be remembered that this is merely the sum that the Ministry of Health has "allowed" the local authorities to spend, from their own money. It is one thing for the Ministry to give its sanction for the expenditure, and quite another for the local authorities to start spending it. The Ministry's own actual cash contribution to the great national crisis of the drought is only £500,000. That is a paltry drop which will certainly not help much to fill the national bucket.

The "approved" expenditure was to have gone on the provision of storage reservoirs of slate or metal for some villages and pipe-lining to others from adjacent big supplies. But practically nothing has been done because it has been left in the hands of the local authorities. And every little district council is its own authority as to what shall and shall not be done.

Dozens of them are too stupid to do anything. Others spend all their time watching the rates. More still are too poor to move even if they would. In one village in East Anglia, which is severely hit by the drought, a penny on the rates would only realise 30s.

Even some of the bigger authorities are strangely backward. In the Aylesbury area there has been talk of an £80,000 scheme. "Talk" of it!

In Dumfriesshire, permission was obtained long ago to launch two vital water schemes involving some thousands of pounds. But no construction work has commenced yet. There are similar reports from all over the country.

The mistake made by the Ministry of Health has been to allow the question of anti-drought measures to be dealt with in local units instead of nationally. The "parish pump" mentality will not get the parish pump working again.

The Ministry could at least make the county councils the chief authorities.

But, even so, unless Jupiter Pluvius works overtime and provides us with a watery miracle, such action will come too late to do more than minimise the disasters, the losses and privations of last year's drought.

POLAND without Pilsudski!
What is Poland without Pilsudski going to be? Strong, weak? Reactionary, progressive? Pro-German, pro-Russian?

Every European Foreign Office is rather nervously asking these questions to-day. And quite a lot depends on their answer.

For Poland, re-created by the war after it had disappeared for over a century as an independent State, has become one of the most important elements of the new Europe.

Look at the map: at the size of the country, at its geographical position, between Germany and Soviet Russia. Remember that it has 33,000,000 people. That is a big country. Nothing could happen to it without shaking all Europe.

But is it a strong country, is it a stable country? Are its present boundaries going to endure?

Patriotic Poles may resent such questions. But European statesmen are forced to ask them. And nobody yet knows the answer.

Look at the map again. That wide area is the Polish Republic. But its people are not all Poles. Inside its borders are Germans and Ukrainians, Russians and Lithuanians. There are 3,000,000 Jews, with a strong racial consciousness of their own. In some of the Eastern towns, like Pinsk, 90 per cent. of the population is Jewish.

Ambitious Germany

Look around the borders. There is hardly a district along the frontier which does not racially "belong," not to Poland, but to the State over the border. There is hardly a district to which the neighbour State has not laid claim, which was not, in the post-war turmoil, more or less forcibly incorporated in Poland.

For the moment all, or nearly all, these questions have been settled. But is it for more than the moment? Were Poland to become weakened by internal dissension, would not the old claims revive?

Germany has certainly not renounced her ambition to regain the "Corridor" which cuts off East Prussia from the rest of the Reich.

Lithuania still regards Vilna—now capital of a Polish province—as rightfully not merely Lithuanian, but the capital of Lithuania.

Soviet Russia, after the war of 1920, ceded a big strip of territory of which the people are "White Russian" by race and speech. Who would say that the idea of reuniting them with their kindred of the "White Russian Soviet Republic" across a border line which is nothing but a barbed wire fence has been abandoned?

"White Russian," of course, has nothing to do with political colour. "White Russians" are just a sub-division of the Russian people, speaking, like the Ukrainians, a slightly different language. The White Russian Republic is a self-governing unit of the Soviet Union. But politically it is as "Red" as Moscow.

Same language

In the South-East, in what used to be called Eastern Galicia, are 3,000,000 Ukrainians—permanently and perpetually in a state of discontent and sporadic rebellion. And they, too, border on a Soviet Republic inhabited by 40,000,000 people of the same race, the same language and the same culture.

Again, the Soviet Government has given assurance after assurance that it has no designs on the Ukrainian territory of Poland, just as it has no designs on the White Russian territories, that it regards the existing frontiers as permanent.

That is Poland to-day. Inevitably, for any far-seeing statesman, a source of anxiety.

Nothing is more important for the peace of Europe than that Poland

should be on good terms with her big neighbours, that all cause of quarrel on these dangerous boundaries should be avoided.

Nothing is more important than that she should be strong and free from internal convulsions which might give temptation outside.

And this Poland has just lost her strong man. What is Poland going to be without Pilsudski?

To understand how serious that question is you have got to recall what Pilsudski has meant in Poland.

This was no case, like Hitler or Mussolini, of a dictator seizing power and overthrowing democracy in a strong, existing, organised State.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Pilsudski made Poland. There was no Poland before him. There might, indeed, have been a Poland without him. But it would have been an entirely different Poland.

You have got to recall the story if you want to understand either Pilsudski or Poland.

He was the man of one idea. That idea was to reunite Poland, to make it independent, to restore to it all its ancient territory, to make it strong, united, self-sufficient, to make it again a great Power.

He devoted his whole life to that one idea, which obsessed him. And in pursuit of it he was untiring, unswerving, courageous, brutal, treacherous. He was revolutionary, he was democratic, he was despotic by turns. He fought against the Allies and with the Allies. He was a Socialist and he was a savage persecutor of Socialists.

He knew only one law, one moral code. Whatever, as it seemed to him, served to make Poland strong was right.

Before the war, when what is now Poland was divided between Germany and Austria and Russia, Polish nationalism was divided into warring sections. There were those who hoped to win from the Tsars what we should now call "Dominion status" for Russian Poland. There were those who put their faith in Austria—which was always tolerant and liberal towards "her" Poles.

His dream

Pilsudski, from the beginning, made up his mind that nothing but reunion and full independence would content him. It seemed to the realists a fantastic dream. The practical politicians had no use for him.

He became a conspirator and a revolutionary. He went to Siberia, he spent years in Tsarist prisons. He escaped. He organised a band of gangsters, raided Russia from Austrian territory, held up a mail train, got away with £200,000, used it to form and finance his own revolutionary party.

Then he foresaw things. "There will," he prophesied, "be a war. Germany will defeat Russia. Then France will defeat Germany. Out of it Poland will win her independence." People thought he was mad.

The first job, he said, is to help the Germans and Austrians beat Russia. He formed a secret military force, with the connivance of the Austrians.

When war came Pilsudski's "Polish Army" invaded Russia—well ahead of the Austrians. It was an "army" of three companies, with one rifle to every three men and eight "cavalrymen" with three horses between them. But it captured Kielce and armed itself there.

That was the beginning of the Polish Legion which helped drive the Russians out of Warsaw. Part I. of the programme was fulfilled. But the Germans, who thought they had a convenient tool in Pilsudski, found that they

had a Pole. Within a few months he was a prisoner in Magdeburg, waiting for the end he foresaw.

In the November days of 1918 the German governor of Warsaw fled. Pilsudski was released. The Polish regiments and the Polish people hailed him as leader. On November 14th he proclaimed the Polish Republic, and notified the Allies that Poland existed.

Josef Pilsudski was made Chief of the State and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish armies.

Poland existed. Now Pilsudski determined to make her a big State. He had refused to obey the Germans; now he defied the Supreme Council of the Allies. Disregarding their orders he attacked the Ukrainians and conquered East Galicia. He organised the rising in Silesia. He sent Zeligowski raiding into Lithuania and seized Vilna. All that in the face of protests and of threats.

With British and French connivance he attacked the young Soviet Republic,

pushed in one fierce swoop as far as Kiev. But here he met his master Tukhachevsky and Budienny routed the invaders, drove them back. The Red Army all but took Warsaw. Then the tide turned again. The Russians were driven back. The peace gave Poland a huge slice of territory beyond the boundary the Supreme Council had laid down.

Three years of defiance and aggression doubled the territory which the Allies had decreed for the new Poland. First independence, then national aggrandisement. All, in enormous measure, Pilsudski's personal work, the result of his ruthless, one-ideaed determination, his titanic energy, his inflexible tenacity.

Stormy external politics; then stormy internal politics. Pilsudski, still counting a man of the Left, fought the Right. The new Constitution was democratic. But Pilsudski never understood democracy. Party conflicts, the clash of political ideals, meant nothing to him. He saw in them only national weakness, a breach in the national unity. Parliament and parliamentary government irritated and angered him. Politicians seemed to him "traitors and intriguers."

In 1923 he had resigned all offices. May, 1926, at the head of a regiment which answered his call, he marched on Warsaw, forced the Government to resign, and put his own men in power. From then until the day of his death he was, in fact, dictator of Poland.

In theory he was only Minister of War and Inspector-General of the Army. But the President was his nominee. The Ministers were his nominees. The Parliament was treated with contempt or open insult. Crowell's language to the Long Parliament was hardly "drawing room." Pilsudski's language to the Sejm was filthy.



General Rydz-Śmigły, a soldier pure and simple, is Pilsudski's successor as leader of Poland, a tinder-box in a dangerous setting. The dotted line shows the Russian boundary before Poland was created a post-war State.



TINDER-BOX

Why the STATESMEN Tremble

printable. In the end the Constitution was destroyed, a new one set up which gives all real power to the unelected President.

But the forms do not matter. For the last nine years the Government of Poland has, in fact, been Pilsudski, and Pilsudski has been the Government of Poland. His will and his word have been law. The Ministers have been his servants. All effective opposition has been ruthlessly crushed. In the name of national unity his opponents have been imprisoned. Socialist leaders have been tortured. The wretched Ukrainians have been harried and dragooned into submission.

The story is an ugly one. And no one knows what bitterness, what growling discontents, what latent spirit of

revolt, those six years of "strong government" have left behind. Poland may yet have to pay a heavy price for "the Marshal's" belief in the virtues of the heavy hand.

Now he has gone. What remains? Can the system endure without the man around whom it centred, of whose all-dominant personality, fanatical belief in his one ideal, and iron will it was the expression.

Pilsudski was, in some ways, singularly like Cromwell. And when Cromwell died the Cromwellian system went to ruin in a few months. Will the Pilsudskist system fall similarly to ruin? If it does, will the transition to a new order be effected peacefully, or is Poland on the verge of a period of internal struggle, perhaps even of civil war?

Dangerous questions for Poland. Dangerous questions for Europe. Much depends on personalities. And, from the nature of the case, the personalities are hard to judge. They have all been overshadowed by the tremendous personality of the Marshal.

Cromwell, when he had

rid himself of Parliaments, governed England through his "Major-Generals." Not one of them was equal to the task of carrying on without him.

Pilsudski has governed largely through his "Colonels"—the men who were with him in the old days, his Lieutenants of the Polish Legion, absolutely devoted to him.

From them his chief Ministers have been drawn. Among them people are looking for the new master of the Republic.

Outstanding among them are five men, all of whom marched with him in the tiny "Polish Army" which invaded the Tsar's Empire in 1914.

They are General Rytz-Smigly,

General Sosnkowski, Colonel Skladek, Colonel Prystor, Colonel Beck.

Rytz-Smigly is a soldier pure and simple. An artist before 1914, he has been soldier ever since. Pilsudski had insisted that he keep aloof from politics. He is a retiring man, seldom seen in society, preferring the bohemian life of cafés. He is supposed to have no political views and no political ambitions. But the army is devoted to him.

Sosnkowski, Skladek, Prystor are the most politically minded, the most politically experienced of the "Colonels." They have been Pilsudski's chief lieutenants in all domestic matters: faithful carriers out of his policies, able and ruthless executives of his will.

They are the men he has trained for the job of administering Poland according to his views. A very famous cartoon shows him throwing them into the water to teach them to swim. But no one yet knows if they have learned to swim without their instructor.

Not popular

Can they work together as a triumvirate? Can a dictatorship function with a committee of dictators? Will they struggle between themselves for supremacy? Is any one of them capable of asserting himself over the others? Or will Rytz-Smigly "come into politics" and assert himself over all three?

Again dangerous questions for Poland, and so for Europe.

Colonel Beck, according to general judgment, can be counted out. He is not popular among the others of the Marshal's following. He is younger than his rivals. And he has specialised entirely in foreign affairs. He has no experience of domestic matters. But he is able, and is intensely ambitious. The general judgment may be wrong. Beck may, at any rate, "have a shot at it."

Lastly, there is the President himself. Not a "Colonel," but a distinguished scientist. A close friend and faithful servant of the Marshal. Handsome, popular, with the prestige of his office. Once reputed unambitious, and anxious to leave politics and return to chemistry, but now said to be changing his mind.

Here are the men then whom Pilsudski dying, as dictators ultimately must, has left with Poland on their hands. There is no great party organisation, with a party doctrine and a party discipline. There is just the State apparatus, the army, a new constitution which has not yet worked, and the prestige of the dead man's name. And underneath there are hidden forces of conflict, discontents, repressed ambitions and resentments that the passionate will and personal authority of Pilsudski kept in check.

Their idol

His old enemies of the Right, the "National Democrats," are wondering if their hour has come again. With them is General Haller, once, next to the Marshal, the national idol.

All of the "heirs apparent" are able men. Not one is of that outstanding quality that marks him out as successor or convinces one that here is a man who can take the country safely and quietly through the difficult times that must follow the fall or death of an autocrat.

Poland without Pilsudski is a bundle of dangerous questions, not one answerable now, all of which must, in one way or another, for better or worse, get answered by events.

There are anxious days ahead for the still young Republic.

And because of her geographical position, because of those big non-Polish frontier districts, because of those latent causes of quarrel with nearly all her neighbours, they must be anxious days for Europe as well.

The death of Pilsudski is another reminder that if the peace of Europe is to be kept, the keeping of the peace must be so securely organised that no quarrel can endanger it, and that no ambition can dare to threaten it.



— The white stretch is the territory that was then added to the country. The Corridor, envied by Germany, lies along the East Prussian boundary to Danzig . . . the Polish frontier guards are now more alert than ever they were





“Caught!”

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You'll Make "Breach Girls" Think!

DEAR LORD REVELSTOKE.—You are entitled, in my view, to the thanks of great multitudes of British people for the brave stand you made a year ago when you were threatened with an action for breach of promise by a beauty queen. The public did not know, but you have had a year of it.

"Beauty queens" are strange beings. Someone offers a prize, usually for publicity reasons. People vote. And then "Miss" Something gets her picture in the papers. Nearly always, nothing happens except that she continues to pose more pictures in more papers. Well, one of these started an action against you. As I write, I have before me newspaper cuttings which tell the story of the issuing of the writ. You had just been married. Then came a claim for damages because you were said to have been bound, in promise, to a beauty queen.

Then for over a year you had hanging over you an action which you knew must be most distressing, not only to yourself but to your wife.

Yet you went into court, braved it all yes, even the reading, in your wife's presence, of letters between "Teedles" and "Boddies"—and won the case. By doing, you brought at least a few days nearer the time that, except when it is attended by seduction or monetary loss, breach of promise will cease to be a justification for the claim of damages.

I can feel a certain pity for the poor beauty queen who sued you. But that doesn't help. What we must do is to stop these useless breach of promise actions before they become any more serious in this country.

New York State has just decided to do what, in America, has become a racket. I used to know personally an American lawyer who was called "The Venus girls' friend." The moment a Venus girl ceased to take some baby-eyed fop out to supper, he used to file a

petition, prepare blackmailing evidence. It was just a graft. He earned big fees by extorting vast sums from men afraid of exposure.

In many cases in this country, breach of promise is merely the result of jealousy or greed.

"I'll get my own back," says some woman when hearing that, sick of her—often, I have no doubt, he has had every cause—he is going to marry someone else.

* * *

The records of breach of promise disclose strange happenings. A few weeks ago, a Chinese girl sued, in Hong Kong, the grandson of a Singapore millionaire for £200,000. She got £2,800. Fortunately for him, everybody does not read the papers over there.

But recently, in this country, a bell-ringer and sidesman, living in a country place, had to pay £20. I suppose if he had been a churchwarden it would have cost him £40.

A man earning only 10s. a week had to pay £10.

A crooner has been sued recently, and been made to pay. I am not so sorry for crooners.

The records are full of comedies and tragedies. In a Roscommon court, three years ago, a man against whom £211 was awarded was so poor that he was ordered to pay it off at the rate of 2s. a week! This meant that it would take him more than forty years to wipe out the debt!

No, breach of promise actions should only be the ground for damages—and this should also be true of libel suits—when it is possible to prove that the plaintiff has suffered.

"If a man doesn't marry you," Mary



Borden, the novelist, declared, "he doesn't. It is ridiculous to sue him for it. You cannot get sentiment back by legal machinery."

"Don't you suppose that a man feels mortified, hurt, angry, when a woman jilts him?" asked Margery Lawrence. "Yet how many of them bring breach of promise cases? Men are still the more reticent and dignified sex, especially about their love affairs."

The truth is that breach of promise is an easy weapon for any disappointed person. Since most meetings between

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD REVELSTOKE

men and women take place when no one else is there, it is easy for either of them to give any version of some happening. It is contradicted by the other. That is all. And, often, the jury, kind-hearted, is sorry for the girl.

Then letters are produced which really meant nothing in a mood when the moon was very bright or the drinks were very dark. They were, at the time, mere sentimental moanings. But, heavens, how dreadful they sound in court.

Yes, these cases are heard, the evidence is printed, and the suits are lost and won.

Now you, Lord Revelstoke, are all the more entitled to credit because of the position that you hold. Had you been some obscure person, you could have settled for a few pounds, and that would have been the end of it. In such a circumstance, if you had fought the case, it would not have obtained one tenth of the publicity that yours did.

* * *

No, I am afraid that if every young lordling who takes out to lunch a young actress whom he meets in a cocktail bar, or in a night club, and then writes something about "Boddies" to her is to be held up to public contempt when he doesn't marry her—well, the courts will be full of breach of promise cases.

I never could understand why young men were attracted to young women merely because they were on the stage. Indeed, I thought it was dying out.

A few months ago some Bill was actually prepared by the Government which would have allowed a breach of promise case to be brought against the estate of a dead man! Fortunately, this was not passed.

The great publicity you have endured will, in the end, result in good. Breach of promise cases, now growing in number almost every year, will soon, I believe, cease to be possible, that is unless some poor girl has really suffered in pocket or in reputation.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Re. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN.—Even the giant Queen Mary would be allowed to sail with only one officer in addition to the master, so absurdly lax are the Merchant Shipping Acts!

Well, rascally shipowners are taking full advantage of this loophole in the law. To save a few pounds in wages they are grossly under-staffing their vessels and compelling the few officers engaged to work appallingly long hours. My warnings of this dangerous and disgraceful sweating are now echoed by the Mercantile Marine Service Association. How many more complaints will be necessary before you take action?

JOHN BULL.

CHARD FRENCH,
Warrington-Trent

SCOUNDREL.—Your father, who is fifty-two, set out happily for an old man's treat. He could never have guessed that you would steal his life savings of £32 10s. during his absence. I am told that he wept when you were sentenced to two months' imprisonment. I don't think you are worth anyone's tears.

JOHN BULL.

C. M. GRIEVE, Scottish poet: You English should merely be voluntary poets, Gaelic compulsory, in Scottish lands. All right for poets, but not for those who have to come South to live!

GODFREY COLLINS,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR GODFREY.—The Dundee Council accuses you of taking advantage of pensions to reduce wages, the case

in point being that your Office has refused to increase the grant to ex-Service telephonists at police headquarters who are receiving the beggarly pay of 38s. 6d. a week.

You may object to being called a labour sweater, but when the question comes before Parliament, how will you answer it?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. J. A. LYONS,
London

DEAR MADAM.—No, we shall not regard you as a "monstrosity," because, besides being the busy wife of Australia's Prime Minister, you are the mother of eleven children.

But as for your statement that with each fresh child things improve—well, I am afraid you forget that the rate of income tax here is very different from yours!

JOHN BULL.

Councillors BRYANT and FAIRCHILD,
Lifracombe

GENTLEMEN.—Now you know whether your town needs a new pier or not. The other day you put on diving suits and went down twenty feet into the water to examine the foundations for yourselves.

You declare that the old pier is quite all right. And so, in my opinion, are the old councillors.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD JOSEPH SEYMOUR,
North Hill, Highgate

DEAR EDWARD.—Blown out of a garage office by an explosion that burned your face and legs you became a man of action, although aged only twenty.

You tackled a fire that was threaten-

ing thousands of gallons of petrol and big oil tanks and almost put it out before the brigade arrived.

There has been a lot of talk about decadent youth lately. Rest assured that it doesn't apply to such fine fellows as you.

JOHN BULL.

LADY C. CAVENDISH BENTINCK: Worn out and your pockets empty after opening three bazaars a week for 12 months, you won't attend any more for two years. I think you deserve exemption for life.—
JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. B. HARRIS,
Miles Platting, Manchester

DEAR SIR.—Every day that you can spare from work, or from seeking work, you may be seen guiding children through a danger zone of traffic as they are leaving school.

At the same spot seven months ago your nine-year-old boy was run over and killed by a car, and anxiety that other parents should not suffer a similar bereavement has inspired your noble vigil.

I trust you will find some consolation in the gratitude of those parents.

JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
Eaton Square, London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR.—I am afraid you are largely justified in violently attacking the treatment of motoring offences in police-courts.

"Bored magistrates deal with the cases automatically," you declare, "never hear your side, and fine you automatically."

This is an old evil, though, of course, there are honourable exceptions. The irony is that in the more serious cases which occupy the attention of a judge

and jury there is often an unjustified reluctance to convict!

JOHN BULL.

Miss EDNA PATRICIA FRUSHER,
Folly Farm, New Barnet

DEAR EDNA.—I'm delighted to hear that you are to be made a life governor of the Royal Northern Hospital, London. As you are not yet twelve, you will surely be one of the youngest in the country.

But you fully merit the honour, for you have been collecting for the hospital since you were five and, by making and selling little things, have raised over £100.

Carry on the good work, Edna!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN WILLIAM RICHARDSON,
South Shields

RICHARDSON.—"A most accommodating person," the Chief Constable describes you. For, though you constantly break into the meter in your home, you always give yourself up to the police!

You will have to spend the next three months in jail, but I think you need a different form of treatment.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. B. LAWRENCE,
Ironville, Derbyshire

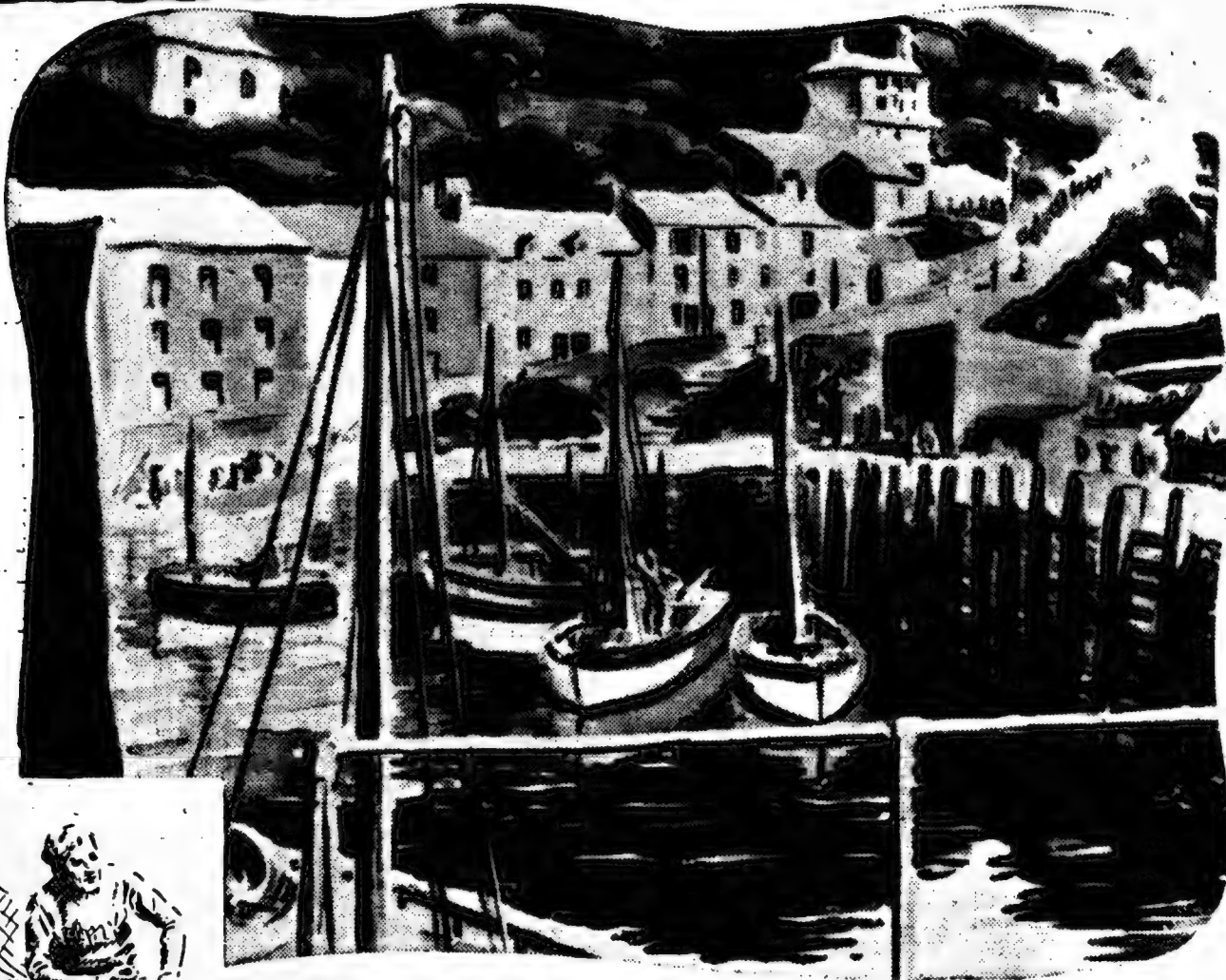
DEAR VICAR.—After the lipstick trouble comes the sweetstuff nuisance!

You find there are many members of your congregation who "cannot last out an hour's service without a little refreshment." You don't blame them for that, but you do wish they would pocket their caramel papers and not throw them under the seats or the hot-water pipes.

It seems that, as Gilbert very nearly said, a parson's life is not a happy one.

JOHN BULL.

Holiday-land of LEGEND & ROMANCE.. CORNWALL



A Cornish holiday, early or late or in the usual holiday season, is delightful. Cool in Summer—Warm in Winter—the Cornish climate suits all constitutions. Cornwall's scenery is a reflex of England's infinite variety: majestic cliffs, sheltered sandy coves, old-world fishing havens, moorlands and hills provide vistas of enchanting beauty. In addition, the holiday-maker will find lavish facilities for bathing, boating, golf, freshwater angling and sea fishing. A Cornish holiday is one that will live happily in your memory.

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Two books that will tell you all about Cornwall and the accommodation it affords:

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"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1935, containing Holiday Addresses, Photographs, &c. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets at about 1d. a mile 3rd, or 11d. a mile 1st Class are issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, at exceptionally cheap rates, will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.



All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

Gas Mask

Wind-Up

by A. G.

GARDINER

IT seems that we can sleep comfortably in our beds o' nights. That cheerful "cherub who sits up aloft" in the person of Lord Hailsham has got us securely in his keeping. He burst into the House of Lords the other afternoon with great news which he imparted with the breezy heartiness with which Mr. Pickwick—to whom he bears such a striking likeness—scattered his largesse on a famous occasion.

He had been presiding at a meeting of the Chemical Defence Committee and had come away with the gratifying tidings that all's well with our gas masks. No need to worry any more on that score. No need to lie awake at night in a cold sweat dreading lest the bombers should come before we had a gas mask handy to clap on our frontispiece.

The matter is well in hand, says Lord Hailsham. "Marked advance" has been made in "the production of the right sort of gas masks at a reasonable cost." Everybody is going to be catered for. "First the Services, then those employed in the essential services, and finally the mass of the population"—that is you and me and the members of our respective families.

I do not gather that the House of Lords received the news in quite the genial spirit in which it was offered. In fact, their lordships, instead of rising in their seats and cheering for "more gas masks," showed no enthusiasm whatever. Gas masks on the battlefield are all very well; but gas masks by your bedside in Berkeley Square or hitched on to the spare wheel of your motor-car in Piccadilly are another affair altogether.

as our hats and our umbrellas, most of us would agree that the sooner a stray comet butted into this mad world and scattered it to dust the better.

In saying this, I do not condemn Lord Hailsham. I dare say he hates war and gas masks as much as you or I do, but it is his business to prepare against the worst. If he did not do that and the worst came, I am pretty sure that you and I would not be sparing of our denunciation of him. For that reason I hesitate to offer any criticisms of the defensive measures, disclosed in the debate in the House of Commons this week, which the Government proposes to adopt.

BUT there is a greater and more urgent task even than that of preparing for the worst. And it is a task which falls upon the Government of this country as heavily as upon any. It is the task of preventing the worst from happening. I remember hearing Mr. Bonar Law saying in the House of Commons not long before the war, that "no war is inevitable and all war is due to the failure of human wisdom."

There was no inevitable war then; but the war came. It came by the failure of human wisdom, and ten millions of the youth of Europe perished in the strife. Who was mainly responsible for the failure does not concern us here; but the warning does concern us. For we are back to the summer of 1914.

There is no inevitable war now, and I agree with Lord Salisbury that the talk of an "imminent" war is as

unwarranted as it is mischievous. For though the situation is like that of the summer of 1914, the circumstances are vastly different.

Germany has no ally to-day, and except perhaps in the air her offensive equipment is incomparably inferior to that of 1914. It is true that she is seething with the spirit of militarism and that she is in dangerous hands, but the generation that suffered the famine and miseries of the war is still there, and it is inconceivable that it will lightly risk another such experience. I am writing before I have had the opportunity of seeing Herr Hitler's momentous speech which will show us whether or not "the failure of human wisdom" is threatened in that quarter.

It is the part of the Government of this country to see that it does not fail here. We must be firm, but we must be reasonable and above all dispassionate. If passion takes control here or elsewhere "human wisdom" will go by the board.

We cannot, as some pedlars of dreams suggest, isolate ourselves from Europe. But our rôle on the Continent is that of "good Europeans" concerned only for the peace and prosperity of Europe. We must make it clear that we have no exclusive friendships and no special enmities.

Whatever country will play the part of a "good European" is our friend, and the test is the simple one of co-operating to make the League of Nations the clearing-house of the disputes, ill-humour and disquiets of the whole European system.

We do not like the governments of Russia and Italy any more than we like the government of Germany; but we have no concern with their internal affairs and we are prepared to work with them as we work with France,



"Gas masks soon for everyone," says Lord Hailsham; but, if so, would not it be better if a comet butted into this mad world?"

because they have agreed to pool their resources to build up a peaceful and stable Europe. If Germany will do the same she is assured of our friendship as they are—no more and no less.

In pursuing this policy we must frankly recognise that Germany was unjustly treated in the Treaty of Versailles and during the years following the Peace. Her resumption of her place in the councils of Europe should carry with it the complete equality she has been denied so long, the revision of the Treaty and the restoration of some, at least, of her colonies.

Nor must we be diverted from this policy by the opposition of France. We have permitted France to dictate our policy for us too much in the past. The evil state of Europe to-day is mainly due to that fact. If we had had the courage and sense to shape our own course and insist on a wise and magnanimous policy there would have been no Nazi regime in Germany to-day and no menace of war on the horizon.

FOR this reason I am alarmed at the intrigue to substitute someone like Sir Austen Chamberlain for Sir John Simon at the Foreign Office. I have criticised Sir John in the past; but the appearance of Sir Austen, who was mere clay in the hands of France when he was formerly at the Foreign Office, would make the situation hopeless.

The salvaging of European civilisation depends upon a strong and a bold hand being played by this country. Let us play it manfully. If that is done we shall not have failed in human wisdom, and in the future we may be able to laugh at Lord Hailsham's "right sort of gas masks at a reasonable cost."

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

FROM way down in ole Virginny, Where each wide-eyed piccaninny Is training to become a ragtime coon.

Came a lady known as Nancy To the Old World; 'twas her fancy That her talents would be needed very soon.

Still, she did not travel steerage, And, in due course, to the peerage Made her entry; "Lady Astor" now was she;

But, not satisfied with this, she Bought fresh fields, and, to her bliss, she Gained election as the women's first M.P.

She showed in this capacity She did not lack audacity, And, assuming what she says herself is true:

If some qualities unpleasant You've received as Nature's present At your birth—then Parliament's the place for you!

There was a time when the things chiefly expected of an M.P. were ownership of a silk hat, an infinite capacity for enduring (and inflicting) boredom, a hand trained to go in and out of the pocket and a tongue trained to remain permanently in the cheek.

But payment of members, the rise of

MANNERS FOR M.P.s.

Labour and the swish of skirts at Westminster are changes in the Mother of Parliaments which have brought about changes in the make-up of her children.

Telling the Women's Freedom League how she became the first woman M.P., Lady Astor announced: "I had a shameful audacity, and I had certain disagreeable qualities which were very much needed in the House."

To this the old-time M.P. would never have pleaded guilty. Though a sick headache to his children and a boil on the neck to his wife, he was always the most amiable of gents as he kissed the children of his constituents and enquired after the rheumatism of their parents.

Lady Astor, however, perceived that other times called for other methods, and while political mugwumps were declaring that woman's place is in the home, she decided that woman's place was in the House.

From the moment of her first appearance as principal (tom)boy in the Westminster pantomime, instead of suffusing the House with womanly sweetness and light, she proceeded to exasperate its male inhabitants, so that in many a "scene" she won the publicity which is the right reward of the belle of the brawl.

So, with her ladyship's example before

him, and recalling the success won by Irish Nationalists with a talent for making themselves disagreeable, the ambitious M.P. may well decide that, although manners make the man, bad manners are the making of a political reputation.

If you're anxious for to shine in the parliamentary line

As an up-to-date M.P., You should do your very best to become a perfect pest.

And with all sides disagree! Into fame you will not toddle if your manners you should model

On the late Lord Chesterfield; Cultivate a certain crudeness, try a modicum of rudeness,

And to reason do not yield!

See you're often called to order, let your speeches cross the border

Of what the rules allow; You'll appear in all the papers if you cut aristocratic capers

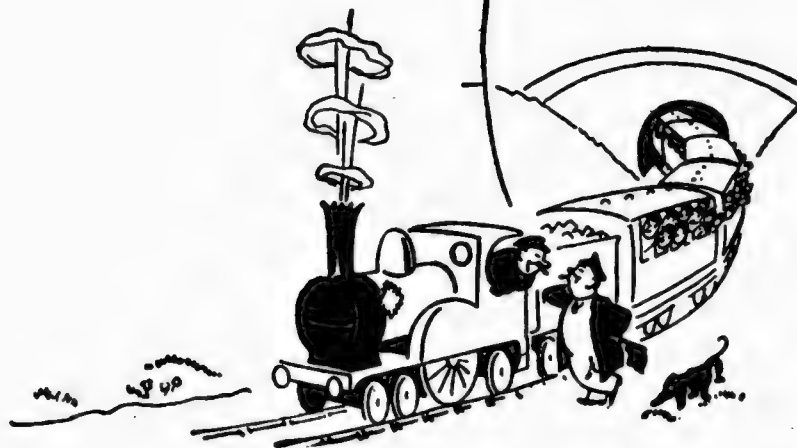
And take part in ev'ry row! Some M.P.s may come to hate you, but they will not underate you

As a force or as a foe! This, the sage advice of Nancy, is of value

—for I fancy That our Nancy ought to know!

Wills's CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN,
they're blended better



*— as they
say on the
fast 5-30.*



A FAMOUS flying "ace," a colonel, a millionaire, a diamond broker, a broadcasting official, a large estate-owner are among the numerous poses of a remarkable criminal who is operating on a most elaborate and successful scale to-day in all parts of the country.

As usual, his victims are mostly people who can ill-afford to be duped. The rogue in question, who is tall and has a dignified presence, has something like twenty aliases. One of them, which seems to favour most of all, is that of Ernest Ridgeway.

He is certainly an accomplishediator, and with weighty conceitscribes himself as a pilot who has flown in all parts of the world. Actually most of his much-talked-of flights are mere figments of his unbounded imagination.

He drove up quite recently to a famous West End hotel and, armed with impressive-looking luggage and numerous volumes relating to flying, booked an expensive apartment. Very soon he was regaling guests with enthralling stories about himself and his experiences in the air and, with the charm and pleasantries which he is noted, made friends there quickly.

One of the people he met in this way was thrilled at Ridgeway's vivid narratives and was greatly delighted when the so-called "ace" offered to take him on a flight to the Continent in one of his planes.

The proposed flight never took place, but by the time the guest realised that Ridgeway was a crook, he had parted with various sums of money on different pretexts.

Confidence won

In an inspired burst of confidence Ridgeway told this man that he was a diamond broker, with offices in London and Paris.

Most of his business was carried out from his Paris headquarters, but he had been so busy in London since he recently arrived by air from France that he had foolishly omitted to instruct his bankers there to forward him one of his customary banker's drafts. He told the story so well, and played his part as "ace" so perfectly, that the guest had mentioned handed over the money without the slightest fear.

In due course, when the atmosphere at the hotel grew too hot for him, Ridgeway vanished. He left a heavy bill unpaid, and the management now knew that he relieved numerous people of money that he had obtained in this way. The stories he told of his "urgent business missions" in London, and of his breathless flights from Paris in his private planes, were all false, as he actually arrived at the hotel in a hired car straight from another hotel in a different part of London which he had similarly discarded with a small trail of victims left behind him.

In another guise, that of a large



Ernest Ridgeway called himself a flying ace—but he wouldn't be trusted to pilot a machine like this!

estate owner, Ridgeway entered a provincial builder's office a few weeks ago and represented himself as a wealthy man who had just acquired a large mansion a few miles away from the town. In his impressive way he talked airily of his flying experiences, and intimated that, for his own enjoyment and for the educating of young people in aviation matters, he would later be opening a private aerodrome in the vast grounds.

He gave the builder instructions to alter and reconstruct the premises, and conveyed very cleverly the impression that expense did not matter in the least. Then, with a gesture of annoyance, he pretended to realise suddenly that he had stayed in the office so long that he could not reach his bank in time to get money he said he needed urgently.

He thus induced the builder to hand him all the cash he had available in return for a cheque which has since been returned marked "no account."

The builder, quite naturally, believed Ridgeway's story, particularly as he men-

going out to sea on what are called "sharing terms," have no right to compensation. If they meet death as their ship crashes on the rocks, as did all but two of the *Celerina's* crew, then their relatives have no legal claim to compensation.

It is against the rank injustice of the law in this respect that Mrs. Sandal, the widow of the skipper of the ill-fated *Celerina*, has been fighting.

An enquiry was then held at Vardo, Norway, three days after the disaster, at which the chief witnesses were two survivors from the wreck who were unable to account for the ship going on the rocks.

This is but one of many instances where the dependants of men who have lost their lives at sea on trawlers have been left without any right to claim compensation.

Their grievance is not against the owners, but against the law as it stands in this respect, a point which Parliament might well consider.

FRAUDS of a HOT-AIR ACE

tioned in the course of its narration numerous facts which were accurate in every detail. It is always a part of this scoundrel's stock-in-trade to obtain a mass of indisputable information in advance with which to impress and deceive his dupes.

In this particular case, of course, he had not acquired, or even arranged to acquire, the mansion he referred to, as the builder and several other people in the vicinity now know to their sorrow.

In the South West district of London, using another name, Ridgeway adopted rather different tactics. He posed as a high official of His Majesty's Office of Works, and, from a temporarily rented office, "employed" a number of men to act in different capacities on a reconstruction scheme he said he had been placed in control.

To each of the applicants, who were all men of knowledge and skill in their own particular line, he pretended that he was inundated with applications for the higher-paid posts he had to offer, and that, though he should really not show favouritism, he was willing to do so if he liked a particular man.

Amazing story

By this ruse he obtained sums of money from "successful" applicants through the medium of stories of the type we have already mentioned, and then disappeared. H.M. Office of Works had never given him any authority to use its name, and the alleged "posts" he had to offer were pure inventions.

As a diamond broker he is equally successful. The master crook he really is can be fully illustrated in one account of the roguery he has practised in this guise.

Getting into touch with a dealer in jewellery, and using the names of a man they both knew for the purposes of introduction, he unfolded an amazing story.

His jewellery store was, he said, in Paris. He produced a certain amount of evidence to show that it existed, and to the effect that he was the owner of various precious stones. He loathed paying duty upon them, and, as the prices obtainable in England for diamonds and jewellery were much better than in any other part of the world, he had evolved a scheme to dodge the Customs authorities altogether.

The other man listened intently. Then Ridgeway revealed the fact that he was a famous flyer, and, concealing the articles in his underclothing, had no difficulty

whatever in getting them into the country.

In his inimitable fashion Ridgeway negotiated for sale numerous stones he was supposed to possess at his Paris establishment.

After further discussions he obtained a substantial payment on account from the jewellery dealer and departed—ostensibly—to fly to Paris.

That, as usual, was the last that was seen of him, and, once again, the diamonds, the plane, and the Paris establishment were just the outpourings of a fertile brain.

Columns could be filled with picturesque accounts of this daring impostor's criminal adventures. One of his victims is a woman whom he met at one of the hotels he has defrauded. She believed that he was all that he claimed himself to be, that he had made several important flights, and owned considerable properties abroad.

Great charm

Although he never actually proposed to her, she grew intensely fond of him and sincerely hoped that she would one day be his wife. It says much for his great charm of manner that he induced this woman to transfer to his account all her savings, which he promptly misappropriated.

Then he just casually performed another of the vanishing tricks for which he is notorious.

To impress another woman, from whom he obtained money, he wandered into a motor dealer's establishment and ordered a car. His female dupe was with him at the time, and he graciously told the salesman who dealt with his order that he was making her a present of it.

He arranged to return at a later date to effect the car's purchase, but never went back. This staged incident served Ridgeway well in extracting the final sum he obtained from the lady before he made himself scarce.

Perhaps his most despicable trick was when, in the guise of a bereaved relative who had flown from Germany in response to a cable notifying him of the death of a member of his family, he obtained moneys through the medium of dishonoured cheques and by other means from hotel proprietors, tradespeople and others.

The deceased person he sorrowfully referred to was mythical, but he regaled his victims with such impressive stories about the kindly part he was supposed to be playing in settling up her affairs, at the expense of his own non-existent business on the Continent, that his criminal ends were well served.

Ridgeway, in whatever spectacular capacity he operates, is obviously a most dangerous rogue, whose audacious exploits following this exposure must be brought to a speedy end.

Widow's Losing Fight

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD drama of the sea is recalled by the plight of a trawler captain's widow, at Grimsby, who is now penniless as a result of her efforts to secure justice.

The struggles of this poor woman began when, in the Arctic seas off Vardo, her husband, Captain William Sandal, skipper of the Grimsby trawler *Celerina*, met his death.

There was a blinding snowstorm and a raging sea when the *Celerina*, tossed like a cork in a torrent, was smashed on the rocks at Vardo on the coast of Norway. Captain Sandal and nine hands were drowned and only two of the crew were saved.

The loss of the *Celerina* brought grim tragedy into the homes of wives and dependants at Grimsby and Hull.

In this case the owners made small compassionate grants "to the widows and that is the end of their responsibility."

It should be explained that men who,

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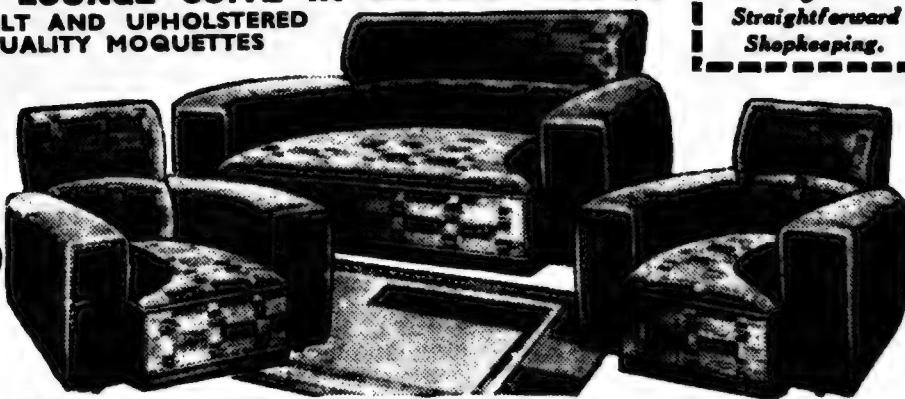
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COMPRISING 4 FT. WARDROBE CHEVAL DRESSING TABLE 4 DRAWER CHEST 4 FT. BEDSTEAD & COIL SPRING

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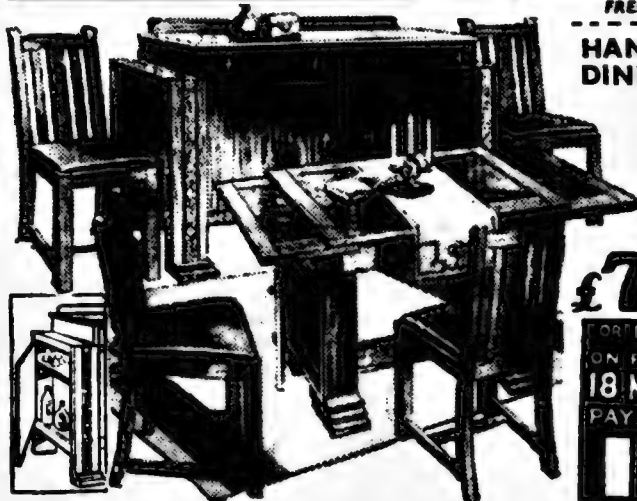
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CRAFTSMAN-BUILT 5-PIECE SUITE IN FINELY FIGURED OAK

COMPRISING 4 ft. WARDROBE DRESSING TABLE 4 DRAWER CHEST 4 ft. BEDSTEAD & COIL SPRING



CASH PRICE

10 GNS

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A view of the Cocos Islands. The two so-called bankers who obtained a young woman's savings, raised money for a treasure hunt there—but, like other of their promises, it never materialised.

'SWEEP' PRIZE SNARE

A Woman Share-Pushers Bled White

BROKEN and ruined as a result of her association with questionable company promoters, a woman, still in her early thirties, left the bankruptcy court in Carey Street, London, the other day, to face a grim and uncertain future without a penny piece to her name.

This young woman gave up a trusted position with a well-known firm in the fashionable quarter of the West End in order to take up employment with two so-called bankers and financiers. She was then in possession of a comfortable nest-egg.

And, as she was also the winner of £100 in a sweepstake on the Grand National, her prospects of future happiness seemed rosy indeed; yet she is today both homeless and friendless, every penny of her savings gone, she is without employment, her treasured personal belongings have been distrainted upon, and she is more than £700 in debt. She is the victim of a cruel piece of deception, for she has been made the innocent cat's paw for two notorious company promoters, whose names frequently cropped up during the ordeal of her examination before Mr. Registrar Mellor.

Treasure hunt

The individuals responsible for her ruin were concerned with a company called the International Trust Company, Ltd., described as a bank, which was formerly in office at Dorland House, Regent Street, London.

They are Mr. George Harold Beck, of Westcliff-on-Sea, and a certain Mr. Quilliam, who, according to his own story, is both an international criminal lawyer and a financier of some standing in the commercial world.

During a few brief conversations, Beck and Quilliam contrived to interest the young cashier in plans they had formed for marketing certain shares.

Among the picturesque undertakings with which they were concerned was a project for running motor launches for hire on the river Thames. Another company was to be engaged in the discovery of treasure on Cocos Island, and a third venture was the marketing of shares in a Canadian gold mine.

But, in the meantime, according to Beck, there were certain monetary difficulties to be overcome. The International Trust Company, boasting a

share capital of £1,000,000, was in liquidation, and there were numerous small bills to pay.

But the offices of a new banking house in Chancery Lane were available, and the issue of some hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of shares was imminent. There were promising prospects ahead if a little cash could be raised to surmount the present difficulties.

These experienced company promoters found it a simple matter to impress the young cashier, unversed as she was in financial affairs, with a rosy vision of easy money to be gained in connection with the ventures they enumerated. And on the strength of a promise that she would be engaged in a secretarial capacity Beck secured from her a loan of £50.

Events then moved swiftly, for the International Trust Company, Ltd., ceased to operate, and the two financiers went into office in Chancery Lane, London.

Learning that the cashier had won a prize in a sweepstake on the Grand National, Beck proceeded to borrow another £100, and then he came forward with the suggestion that she should sell shares for him in the Canadian gold mine on a 30 per cent. commission basis.

Expensive flat

Gifted with considerable charm of manner, though entirely ignorant of the nature of the transaction, the young cashier had little difficulty in placing £500 worth of scrip for which she was paid the sum of £150.

Encouraged by her success as a business woman, and confident that Beck would fulfil his promises to refund her loans in full, the young woman continued to fall in with his suggestions.

She was induced by Beck and Quilliam

to take on lease a flat in Park Lane at a rental of £550 a year, both directors affording her references to enable her to do so.

Under the sway of the share-pushers she next underwent a brief training in the art of selling shares to the well-to-do folk among whom she was to mingle.

The furniture for the flat she took on lease cost £120, but immediately it was ready for occupation Beck monopolised it for an office, and persuaded his cat's paw to move to a fashionable hotel.

During the ten weeks she stayed at this hotel, the young woman, who was fast plunging far out of

her depth in the realms of high finance, worked hard to dispose of the shares selected by her financier friends.

But suddenly she found herself ostracised, and when she enquired for the reasons she learned that the men for whom she was working were notorious, and that the shares she was helping to push were mostly worthless.

It was in these circumstances that both Beck and Quilliam deserted their victim, leaving her to her fate, with the

hotel bill unpaid and many other commitments to meet.

Her plight was desperate indeed, for she was unable to pay. Her personal belongings were seized and distrainted upon. In desperation, the cashier abandoned all hope of a business career, and went to seek employment as a house-keeper at a wage of 25s. a week.

Her creditors immediately began to press her. The references she had been afforded by Beck and Quilliam were found to be worthless. She was left to face a demand for rent alone that came to £180 odd.

Her nest-egg and the sum she had won in the sweepstake were soon exhausted.

Her creditors met, but were unable to come to an agreement. In her distress she appealed both to Beck and to Quilliam in vain. She found that Beck had gone for a sojourn on the Continent.

Thousands lost

The companies in which she had been induced to place her faith were likewise worthless concerns in which hundreds of people lost many thousands of pounds, which is not surprising when we look into the black financial record of Quilliam, the "international financier" behind the scenes.

The International Trust Company, Ltd., with which he was concerned with Beck, was a mere registration, purchased from the estate of a former merchant, with not a tittle of the £1,000,000 share capital that it boasted.

In his day, Quilliam has dabbled in company promoting of every kind and description. He was once concerned with a bogus college for the sale of degrees.

This last of his victims has lost everything and is left to shoulder a burden of debt. Her bitter experience should serve as a warning to others who may be tempted to stray into the perilous paths of share pushing.

As for Beck and Quilliam, it should be unnecessary to add that any venture with which they are associated should be left severely alone.

The HUMAN MACHINE

Do Your Share

IT is not given to all of us to add to the stock of the world's wisdom. It is not everyone who can add even one small new fact to the world's store of knowledge.

A good many of us could do more than we do, for mental laziness and a psychological terror of anything like real work is one of the more painful diseases that afflict mankind.



Nevertheless, the ability to discover and invent and originate is a rare gift, granted to some, withheld from others. If we have it, we should use it and exploit it to the full.

If we are only the recipients of the gifts that come to us from the genius and the labours of others, at least we can refrain from taking miracles for granted, and realise the enormous debt we owe to our fellow-creatures.

"Many times a day," said one of the greatest living scientists, "I realise how much my own inner and outer life is built upon the labours of my fellow-men, and how earnestly I must exert

myself in order to give in return as much as I have received."

Most of us give little or nothing in return. We do not even give that easiest of all gifts—an open and receptive and appreciative mind, to new ideas, new suggestions, new thoughts. We are all far too ready to condemn in advance.

If we can't originate ourselves the least we can do is to respect those who can, and give them a hearing and a fair trial. It may sound simple and of little account, but the world would be saved a lot of trouble and a lot of misery if the pioneer was always welcomed instead of being scorned.

The man who takes hold of an idea and makes it work is second only to the man who produced the idea. If you can't be the latter, there is no reason, except stupidity, why you shouldn't be the former.

FOR YOU



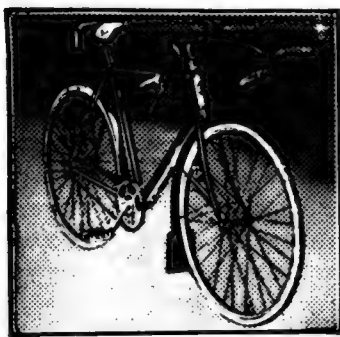
A HERCULES RECORD BREAKER DESIGNED BY FRANK SOUTHALL

The Hercules-Southall No. 3 shown here was designed by Frank Southall for roadmen who use their machines for everyday riding as well as touring. The frame design is identical with the record-breaking Hercules-Southall No. 1 so that you can enjoy the same liveliness without loss of rigidity, the same perfect steering and road-holding qualities that helped Frank Southall to smash seven road records last year.

Effortless speed and complete dependability are guaranteed in this superb sports model by Hercules—the largest cycle manufacturers in the world. Look out for more Hercules-Southall records soon!

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and see the finest range of cycles ever built, starting with the famous Hercules "Popular" at £3 19 9. New Safety Models from £4 6 6. Sports Roadsters from £4 15 9. Southall Racers from £5 19 9. Ladies' models from £4 5 9. All with full accessories. Easy terms from 2/- weekly. FREE. 1935 Hercules Magazine. From your dealer, or The Hercules Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham.



HERCULES-SOUTHALL No. 2
FRAME: 21 in. Chrome Molybdenum tubing throughout. Light-weight fittings. 41in. wheel base. FORKS: Special racing blades. "D" to round. Southall rake. HANDLEBARS: Southall special bend. TYRES: Dunlop Road Racing, 26in. by 1 1/2in. High Pressure Road Racing ribbed and File Tread. RIMS: Dunlop Endrick, 26in. by 1 1/2in. HUBS: Super feather-weight, with wing nuts. 16T cog, 18T freewheel. SADDLE: Brooks B17. BRAKE: Rear Cantilever. FINISH: Best quality black enamel. Super chromium plating. Full accessories.

£8 15 0 OR ON EASY TERMS

The Hercules-Southall No. 1 £13 13 0
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The famous Sturmey-Archer close and medium ratio gears, types K.S. and K.S.W., can be fitted to Hercules racing models at 25/- extra.

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The Fastest Cycle on the Road

£3.19.9

EASY TERMS
from
2/-
WEEKLY

HTN.112



Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs Hiking . . .

but . . .

thousands take THIS →

and get the same

nourishment!



★ This surprising fact about the nourishment value of Cadbury's 'Milk' is proved by laboratory analyses. Weight for weight, there is no food which provides more complete nourishment. Half a pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each 1 lb. of the chocolate.

CADBURY'S

MILK CHOCOLATE • a most delicious food

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

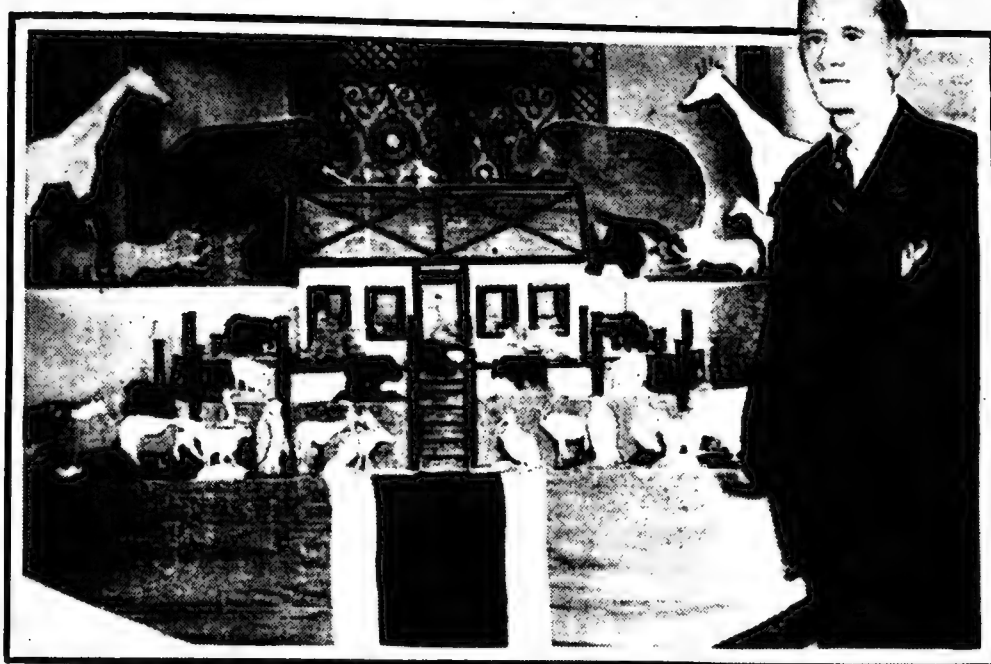
When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause, Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/4.

"You really must do something about those grey hairs. Bill . . . Deckers Bay Rum solved my difficulties. It brought back the natural colour and soon made my hair lustrous and healthy. Buy a bottle to-day—you'll soon realise what a difference it will make . . . one simply can't afford to look old."



BITTER BLOW FOR Workless

Scheme the King Praised Scrapped



The Noah's Ark models which were made by the unemployed at the Eastbourne centre and presented to the Queen for Princess Elizabeth. The Secretary, Mr. Radband, is on the right

ALL over the country splendid self-help schemes have been launched by the unemployed from time to time, and it is distressing to learn that one such scheme, which has been extraordinarily successful, is now to be scrapped.

We refer to the Eastbourne Unemployed Welfare Centre, which was recently honoured by a visit from their Majesties the King and Queen, who displayed keen interest in the splendid work that is being done.

Now, within a few weeks of that visit, the local committee has decided to close down this establishment, which for nearly five years has performed wonderful work in mitigating hardship and relieving distress.

Both the King and Queen were impressed by the achievement of this Social Centre by the unemployed and for the unemployed, and the news that it has been scrapped will be as much of a surprise to them as it is to the unemployed of Eastbourne.

Why it was decided by the committee to bring to an end the useful work which was being done on behalf of victims of unemployment is explained by the Mayor, Councillor Miss Thornton, as follows:

"Employment has greatly improved, and the expense of the Centre was not justified by the number attending. I have expended all the funds subscribed during my mayoralty, and am now using the balance left by my predecessor."

Another reason is that the Entertainment Committee now require the use of the building that had been lent as the Centre's headquarters.

Useful career

This is all very unfortunate, particularly for Eastbourne's 900 unemployed, who hitherto these men had been able to usefully employ their time at the Social Welfare Centre, which was housed in the R.N.V.R. Drill Hall.

The interest and approval shown by the Royal visitors in the work being done at this little hive of industry was well served, for the local unemployed have moved during the existence of the centre that they were capable of doing excellent work.

Mr. Alfred E. Radband, the Secretary of the Unemployed Welfare Social Centre, was wholly responsible for the preliminary work of organisation. He conceived the idea when he was himself out of work, and in 1931 organised relief for a large number of families, providing them with food, fuel and clothing.

By 1932 the then Mayor became interested in the project, and Mr. Radband was appointed secretary of the Mayor's Unemployment Fund, with a strong committee under the distinguished chair-

manship of Sir Alwin Dickinson, K.C.M.G.

A large empty building was obtained in the town. In less than six weeks the whole of the premises had been decorated by the unemployed.

Thanks to the assistance given by residents and shopkeepers, a canteen, a reading and recreation room, boot-repairing shops and a clothing depot were soon opened. The Unemployed Welfare Social Centre had begun its career of usefulness.

On the day of the official opening by the Mayor, a string band, composed entirely of unemployed musicians, was in attendance.

Then the unemployed bootmakers were organised for repairing the boots and shoes of the unemployed and their families.

The movement grew so rapidly that the premises were soon found to be

inadequate, and the Corporation lent the committee the use of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Drill Hall, on the Royal Parade.

Schemes of relief work were put forward by the committee and adopted by the Corporation, with the result that 250 of the unemployed were engaged on works during two successive winters.

After two weeks of voluntary work each unemployed man was given two weeks' relief work on full wages provided by the committee's funds.

Meanwhile, all classes of occupational work were being carried on at the Drill Hall Centre, including carpentry, chair-making and rug-making. Classes for boot-repairing were organised and the Corporation granted 250 allotments rent-free to the unemployed.

Recently members of the Unemployed Social Welfare Centre had been busy making a Noah's Ark for presentation

to the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Margaret Rose. This gift was accepted on behalf of the Princesses by the Queen when Her Majesty visited the Centre on March 19.

It was during this visit that both the King and Queen expressed the liveliest interest in the good work being done at the Centre and in the various useful and ornamental articles which had been made by the unemployed.

Some idea of the main activities of this Eastbourne haven of refuge for the workless may be gathered from the following summary of work done:

Voluntary work by unemployed men, 26,000 hours.

2,600 pairs of boots repaired for unemployed families.

7,500 dinners provided.

200 tons of coal distributed.

7,500 grocery tickets given.

In addition, men have been provided with allotments free of rent and have been supplied with tools, seeds and fertilisers at reduced rates.

Clothing was supplied to over 500 families. Unemployed men finding work in other towns were assisted with their fares and helped in other ways.

Now all this splendid effort is to be laid waste. For some reason or other local officialdom has decreed that the Unemployed Social Welfare Centre can be dispensed with. Its doors were actually closed on May 10.

That this organisation, which has been doing such excellent work, should be closed when its usefulness has been so well established, is really a tragedy.

Surely the need for the Centre still exists, while there are still a large number of unemployed in the town?

Succeeding Mayors of Eastbourne have given support and paid tribute to the variety of effort and help given to the unemployed. Yet the doors of the Centre have been closed.

In view of the recent Royal expressions of approval and of the excellent record of the Eastbourne Unemployed Social Welfare Centre, this drastic decision cannot be too greatly deplored.

Eastbourne is a wealthy town; surely it can make the small extra effort required to keep this Centre open, so that the great work, so finely begun, can be continued for the welfare of 900 unfortunate workless now left to fend for themselves.

These Things of Beauty

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

WE are now entering upon what is regarded by most people as the most glorious period of the year, the period when garden, field and hedgerow put on their most gorgeous panoply. For many weeks to come the whole country side will be clad in many-coloured robes of leaf and bloom that have risen as if by magic out of the heart of decay and death.

I have travelled over a great part of the world in years past, but never have I seen a more beautiful country than England or one to rival it in my opinion. On one occasion, journeying by the desert route from northern to southern California, I got into conversation with a clergyman who pointed out to me the glowing splendours of that wonderful region, its rugged contours covered with masses of wild flowers of every imaginable form and hue.

"I don't suppose you ever see anything so lovely as that in your country," he remarked.

"Oh, yes, we do," I replied. "Not so wild, but every whit as fine and even more charming."

"Oh come," he protested, "don't ask me to believe that."

"What then do you think England is like?" I asked.

"I have always understood it was all town," he responded.

"Well, sir," was my concluding observa-

tion on this astonishing admission of ignorance, "let me recommend you to pay a visit to England the first chance you get, and you will never talk that kind of nonsense again."

"Rural England is unsurpassed in the whole world for gracious beauty of scenery and cultivation. There is nothing more perfect of its kind than English woodland, an English meadow, or an English cottage garden."

That was fourteen years ago, and sometimes I am tempted to doubt whether we English people appreciate our heritage as we should.

In one of the vast American National Parks I saw a public notice board with the inscription: "This park is yours; take care of it." When I see hedges broken down in England, wild flowers torn up by the roots and scattered about, and camping places littered with tins, paper, banana skins and orange peel, I deplore the lack of nice feeling betokened by this kind of conduct. There is need of the reminder:

"Beautiful England is yours; don't spoil it."

No one has ever yet been able to tell us just what beauty is, though we all have some capacity for appreciating it. That capacity needs to be cultivated like everything else or it will remain crude or perish. Dean Inge says that a good deal of what is fashionable in art to-day looks like the work of particularly unpleasant children.

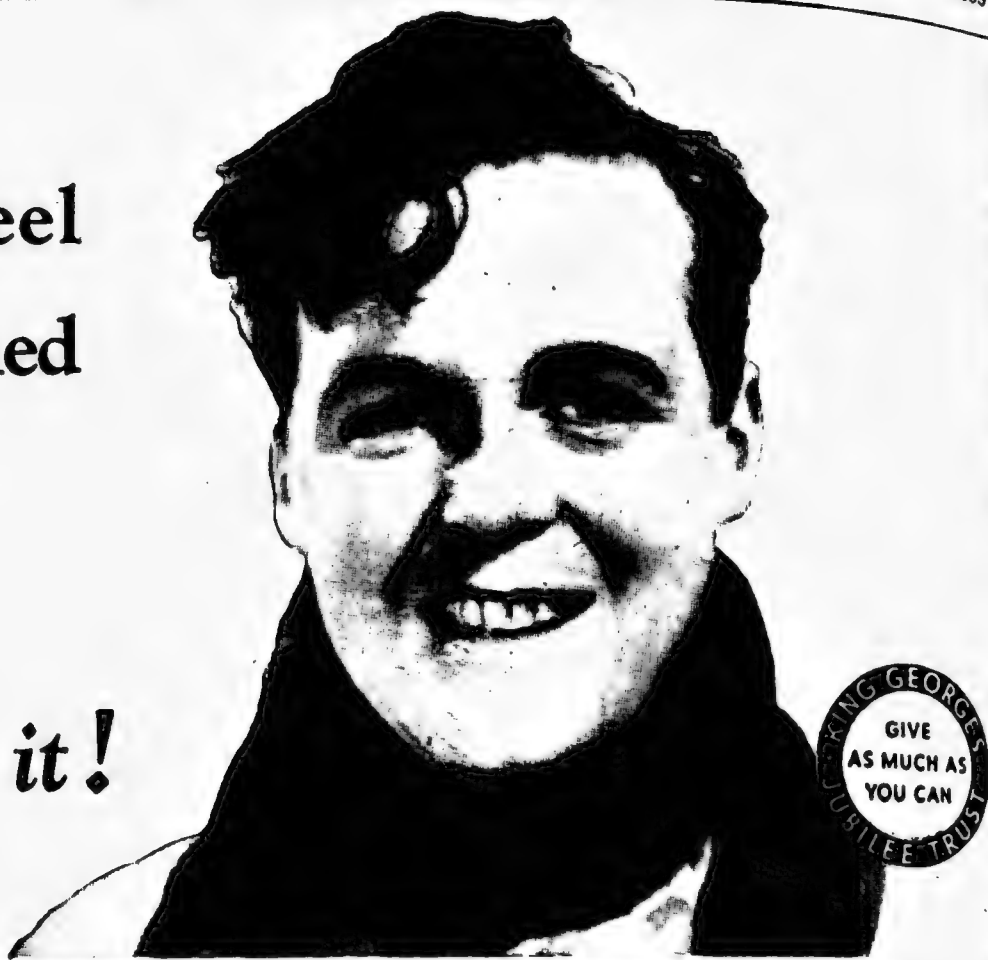
Kent wrote the famous line: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Every lover of beautiful things knows how true that is. You never tire of what is genuinely beautiful either in nature or art or in that highest of created things, noble human life.

The beauty of serene old age is greater than that of youth. The beauty of goodness is like a light shining in a dark place. A beautiful face with a hard expression is not attractive; the ugliness of the soul peeps through.

There is a beauty in a tender look that will transfigure the plainest countenance; and there is no beauty on earth to compare with the beauty of holiness of which the Bible tells.

The greatest teachers of all time testify with united voice that to live only for what is beautiful in any sense of the term is to be in possession of the purest kind of happiness known to man.

When you feel
you've earned
your beer
the fact is
you need it!



beer is best



"I STARTED MY STAGE CAREER AS A DANCER AND BEFORE I WENT INTO FILMS WORKED IN REVUE AND CABARET. IT WAS HARD WORK BUT WELL WORTH IT FOR THE EXPERIENCE."

LILLIAN BOND is London-born.

She went to America while still in her teens. Now she has come back to British films. Her complexion is radiantly lovely. Here are the facts that explain why her simple skin-care can help you, too:—

New skin for you in six weeks!

Your skin is constantly changing, specialists say. Tiny cells are always flaking off from the surface. In 6 weeks' time your present surface-skin will have disappeared, revealing new skin. Film stars know that the secret of beauty is to keep this new skin lovely while it is coming to the surface.

That is why they use Lux Toilet Soap. This beauty soap has a special quick-lathering action that gives new skin exactly the care it needs.



"I PICKED UP ALL KINDS OF USEFUL TIPS I'M GRATEFUL FOR TO-DAY. ONE THING I LEARNT WAS THAT IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF YOU SIMPLY MUST KEEP YOUR SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH AND CLEAR."

It penetrates through your surface-skin, cleansing away all dirt and stale cosmetics from the new skin beneath. This keeps the growing skin in perfect condition so that it is soft, smooth and lovely when it becomes your surface-skin.

846 out of the 857 leading stars use Lux Toilet Soap. Try it yourself. See how soft, smooth and clear your new skin can be if you care for it with Lux Toilet Soap while it is coming to the surface. Lux Toilet Soap is obtainable everywhere.



"THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT LUX TOILET SOAP. IT REALLY DOES KEEP SKIN MARVELLOUSLY SOFT, SMOOTH AND CLEAR. I KNOW—I ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF. YOU TRY IT. YOU'LL BE REALLY PLEASED."



3¹
A TABLET

A LEVER PRODUCT
This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

11.676-678

TO seaside towns this story has special application, for the chief character (an actor in more senses than one!) mainly directs his undesirable attentions to those pleasant places around the coast, which have substantial colonies of wealthy retired business and professional people.

The latest appearance of this professional was at Lytham St. Anne's, the residential resort in Lancashire, and the town is considerably the poorer thereby.

A short time ago a plausible, well-educated young man, who gave his name as Frank Marson, and claimed to be the godson of a famous Shakespearean actor, descended on Lytham St. Anne's and made public a scheme for establishing a repertory theatre company in the district.

Here I should explain that St. Anne's—which is the senior and predominant partner in the twin township—has its own excellent and successful repertory company, but prosperous Lytham, with its ever-growing area of substantial residences, has nothing of the kind.

So Frank Marson declared his intention to make good that omission for the satisfaction of Lytham theatre-lovers, and his own well-being.

Lytham promised good results for a repertory theatre scheme, and Marson was energetic and went around canvassing for residents who would support him with subscriptions. He did well in this respect, and he issued a list of more than a hundred people whose adherence and money he had obtained.

All sections of the community were represented among Marson's member-subscribers—an ex-mayor of the borough, several doctors, schoolmasters, hotel proprietors and traders.

Subscriptions handed to Marson varied in amount from one to ten guineas, and actually some individuals were so interested in the theatre talk of this persuasive actor that they sent him more than one donation.

The letter-paper which Marson used in his correspondence and negotiations gave a fine impression. It was headed: "John F. Marson. Leads, Character and Light Comedy. The Marson Repertory Players. Seasons at: South Shields, Bournemouth, Kendal, Bedford, Leeds, Hull, the Lake District.

"Schools visited. Concert Parties arranged. Production of amateur work undertaken. Private lessons given in Elocution and Stage-craft."

Just a lodging

There was also a list of the principal parts in notable productions which Marson had played.

His permanent address—which, I find, was a lodging-house—was given as St.

THE RAY OF LIGHT

THERE is an old saying that troubles never come singly. A certain Yorkshireman is quite sure it is true.

Once, when his family was young and his ambitions as bright as any star, he had a good job that not only provided him and his wife with all their simple needs, but gave him a little to spare as well. To-day, he could be just as efficient a workman, if life would let him.

But he has had a whole series of accidents to contend with. Illnesses. Long periods out of work. He sighed for something to come along that would give him what he himself calls a "lift in life." But it never materialized.

Expectantly he went for unemployment pay recently—to find he couldn't draw it "because of an error." Years of struggling like that can lull a man into giving up trying.

This poor fellow at least had enough interest in life to fill up a coupon that seemed to offer his family a little security—and then and there, to crown his other misfortunes, his wife was taken ill with diphtheria.

But that coupon—which qualified him



Marson hired the Pavilion in Lowther Gardens, Lytham, to launch his enterprise—but left without paying the rent

A SCAMP'S Theatre Fiasco

Weekly Informations

from

Sir Wyndham Childs

Thomas's Road, St. Anne's. When he was telling his tale to subscribers, Marson made it plain that his repertory theatre was to be no mere flash-in-the-pan business, but a really substantial enterprise which would make Lytham a centre of theatrical interest.

Similarly, when he secured payment in advance from many local shopkeepers for advertisements in his theatre programmes, he did so on an assurance that a season of at least twelve weeks was projected. Orders were given for advertisements on that understanding.

Reckoning his subscriptions and his advertising revenue Marson certainly raised a considerable amount of money in Lytham.

From London, Marson engaged a small company of players, while his stage manager he obtained in Blackpool. He hired "fit-up" scenery and he opened at the Lowther Pavilion—rented from the Town Council—with "Private Lives."

The first week of the Marson Repertory Players was strikingly successful.

Large audiences crowded the pavilion, and the takings must have been satisfactory.

For the second week "Nothing But the Truth" was to be presented. In preparation for this the members of the company attended each day for rehearsals, but nothing was done. Eventually Marson explained to his company that he could not obtain the performing rights of that play, and instead he substituted "While Parents Sleep."

Only one rehearsal of that play was held before its presentation to the public of Lytham—an extraordinary procedure for a manager, who claimed to have had great experience.

For this second week of repertory a different and more central hall was rented, again from the Town Council—the Baths Assembly Rooms. The audiences that week were not so good. By then some of the subscribers were beginning to discover that the project was not proving quite the success they had hoped it would be.

Unsatisfied

A third week followed, with old-fashioned "Caste" as the play, and then Marson suddenly shut down. He did so at a time when his programme of "forthcoming attractions" announced a selection of thirteen different productions!

That was the disastrous end of the repertory theatre experiment in Lytham.

Now for the sequel. Although Marson received subscriptions to finance his adventure, and money in advance for advertising on the basis of a twelve

weeks' season, many people have been sorely let down by this adventurer.

He failed to pay all the members of his company in full, and he omitted to settle numerous other accounts which he owes.

Even his debt to the Lytham St. Anne's Town Council for rent of the two theatres is unsatisfied.

When his creditors were pressing him, John Frank Marson made a quick disappearance from Lytham St. Anne's in his own motor-car, but before leaving he forgot to meet the bill of his landlady.

But he did cash cheques in the town that have been returned dishonoured.

My department's investigations show that Marson is a man of no financial standing. He has done the same kind of thing before, and unless he is stopped may attempt a similar escapade in another rash town.

His track is well marked through the country. At Kendal he operated for a time until he attracted the notice of the police, and moved on. Windermere, Southend-on-Sea and Folkestone are places where he is known to his own discredit. He makes a speciality of these absurd, ill-considered theatrical adventures, which leave distress and financial suffering to others behind them.

Other names

Among the names he uses in addition to Marson are those of Frank Marshall and Frank Warburton. In age he is about thirty, and he usually travels in company with his young wife and child. As an actor he has some ability, but as a producer and manager his record will not bear inspection.

My purpose will be served if once and for all Marson, or whatever he may call himself, is effectively put out of this repertory-season game, of public-subscription touting, production, failure and an accumulation of debts.

Before he took his "curtain" at Lytham, Marson had the temerity to suggest that he intended to try Southport as his next hunting place. I am glad to know that the authorities of that Lancashire resort have been advised in advance of the Lytham repertory theatre debacle.

Enterprises of this character cause untold mischief and distress, and the fact that one man should be able to go from town to town in this care-free fashion imposing upon unsuspecting people cannot be too strongly deplored.

Perhaps this article will serve to put others on their guard against strangers who arrive from nowhere with ambitious schemes of the kind here described.

THREE AMERICAN PRINCES of

WHEN Miss Barbara Hutton, the young American millionairess, obtained a divorce last week from Prince Alexis Mdivani, another amazing chapter was closed in the lives of the three brothers whose romantic exploits have earned them the name of "the marrying Mdivanis."

Between them they have now been divorced by no fewer than five wives, all of them well known by reason of their immense wealth or their acting or singing accomplishments.

Greater attention has been focused on their romances because in some cases those brides were themselves much-married women, their total "bag" of husbands going into two figures.

In consequence of all this, the name Mdivani has become so well known that the impression has grown that they are members of an old and distinguished royal family.

Sudden rise

Yet, when we delve into the adventures of the Mdivani brothers who have made their name famous the whole world over, what a story of sudden rise from semi-obscurity we find!

Twelve years ago three unknown youths—Russian, and obviously brothers from their appearance—walked down the Paris boulevards without arousing more than the most cursory interest.

It was no discredit to them that nobody recognised them. One never expects boys of that age to have done anything meriting attention outside their own immediate circle.

The one thing that made them different from the ordinary run of French youths around and about them was that they had lost a good home in Russia when the Revolution came, and had had to live, for a time, on a meagre allowance from the Near East Relief Fund. But even that was unlikely to attract any notoriety to them at a time when far more famous Russians were working as dishwashers and taxi-drivers.

No, they were just three carefree brothers of no real importance—no higher in the social scale than thousands of British boys who can use no other prefix than plain Mister—who were attracting no more attention than marked masculinity will earn from passing women anywhere.

Fate's trick

Twelve years ago. . . . And now see what a strange trick Fate has played with those three obscure brothers. Truly, there is no counterpart outside the phantasies of musical comedy.

The whole world knows them now—as "the marrying Mdivanis."

At glittering social functions they are announced with pomp and ceremony as "The Prince Serge Mdivani," "The Prince David Mdivani" and "The Prince Alexis Mdivani." Those exclusive British functions where the social measure is as exact as the foot rule are the only exception.

Sycophants fawn on them, fooling themselves into believing that they are in contact with Royalty, when they are no more royal than the sycophants themselves.

Practically the only newspapers in the world that do not report their marriages and divorces are those of their own country, now the Georgian Soviet Republic, where there are no stupid illusions as to their degree of importance.

And, finally, the world accepts any

woman they marry as "The Princess Mdivani," according her the homage due to a woman of such a status. Already two film stars, a Woolworth heiress, a wealthy descendant of John Jacob Astor and an opera singer have twinkled for a time as "The Princess Mdivani," until the lustre of it has been lost in the Divorce Court.

All the time the world keeps on reading about this Mdivani or that Mdivani.

There are accusations of fraud against Serge and David. It is front-page news. The money in dispute is produced at the last moment and the charges are dismissed. It is front-page news again.

One of the three gallivants half-way round the world after a woman who has refused his offers of marriage—but persistence triumphs and he makes her his new wife. The cables hum with every fresh development of that story.

Always news

Whether a meeting of angry shareholders kicks a couple of Mdivanis off its board, or a latest wife tells an expectant world what subtle, mysterious quality explains the Mdivani fascination for women, it is news, news, all the time.

Only once has a proper sense of proportion been shown. When General Zachariah Mdivani, father of these three young men, died in Paris five years ago, the bare fact was recorded in a few British newspapers and nothing at all given in others.

He, at least, had been aide-de-camp to the Czar. Nothing like that could be said of his three very romantic sons.

Who are the Mdivanis? In order to understand one must take a look at the small and unimportant country of Georgia, which is bounded by the Caucasian mountains in the north and the Armenian mountains in the south, and, since 1917, has been a small republic which is part of Soviet Russia.

A pre-war census gives it a population of 1,100,000, little more than a quarter that of Yorkshire. If, therefore, the Mdivanis were at any time in their history royal princes of Georgia, they would have had a little claim to world attention, if not very much.

But there never was a Royal House in Georgia.

There were princes in plenty, as the old Russian adage that "any man with two sheep is a prince in Georgia" will show.

Few fairy tales

On top of that, the Mdivanis hail from a very small part of Georgia—Mingrelia, with a population of about 200,000, and with no literature at all apart from a few fairy stories which generations of fathers have handed down to their children.

And their connection with this tiny country? Well, when Mingrelia was separated from Georgia in the fifteenth century the country was ruled by two clans—the clan

Dadiani, who ruled the western part of it, and the clan Mdivani, who were responsible for the eastern and by far the smaller part.

That was centuries ago. By the time the last Czar ruled over Russia there were poor Mdivanis and rich Mdivanis all over Mingrelia. Some were peasants, some squires—but there were none with the title of "prince" as we in England understand the term.

True, there was the title of Bey, and that, in the hands of a person with an ambitious enough imagination, might be translated into English as "prince." But no amount of juggling with words would have turned any one of those worthy Caucasians into the type of prince who would have been regarded as a real prince in the Courts of Europe.

No, those Mdivanis of the Czarist days had no claims to the limelight—and no pretensions.

Not even the most important of them, General Zachariah Mdivani, aide-de-camp to the Czar and father of the three "marrying Mdivanis," had ideas of dazzling the world, or indeed any higher ambitions than doing his military job in the Czar's Court as well as he possibly could.

His two daughters, Nina and Roussadana, he insisted should never be seen in public unless their faces were veiled in the manner of the East. He was ever a strict disciplinarian.

His three baby sons, Serge, David and Alexis, to put them in order of their birth, he looked at proudly, praying that one day they would rise to be good and efficient officers in the armies of his royal master.

All five of the children were brought up in a household in which etiquette and the other proprieties were considered as of the utmost importance.

Aided by relief

Certainly the family enjoyed a measure of social distinction in St. Petersburg. That was due almost solely to the general's position in the Royal service. But even in that one city, at that time, they did not enjoy the prominence that is now the lot of "the marrying Mdivanis" wherever the words marriage and divorce are understood.

In the middle of the great war came the Russian Revolution to rob General Zachariah Mdivani of the post that made him a somewhat important figure.

He was one of hundreds of thousands of Russians, many of them of far greater importance than he, who found themselves refugees.

He found himself in Constantinople with his two daughters, and, in agonised doubt as to the fate of the rest of his family, telegraphed frantically all over Russia in an effort to trace them. At last a starving, ragged woman arrived with an infant son at her heels—just two in a pathetic rabble of refugees. It was his wife—and Alexis.

Helped to Paris by relief funds, they waited and waited. And at last what they were hoping for most turned up, something more important to them than the money they

had lost, their two other sons, Serge and David.

Together again they faced the future—faced who knew what, seeing that even Archdukes were starving in this world that had changed so much for Russians?

Well, in their daughter Roussadana they had something none of the more famous Russian refugees had got, a girl with an artistic sense and sum-



She divorced him—as another. Alexis has his tie. Barbara Hutton, whom he

ING Fortune

TRUTH ABOUT the Marrying Mdivanis



done before—and married
by the wealthy Miss
round the world to marry



The other Mdivani brothers, Prince David and Prince Serge.
All three have risen from semi-obscurity to figure in sensational
marriages and divorces

cient fighting spirit to turn it to account. In the poorest days she suddenly arrived home with a cheque for £400. She had won a first prize with a design for an international trophy for airmen, and the family felt it was wealthy again.

Two of the brothers found jobs—and it seemed that fortune had indeed begun to smile on the family again.

Happy

It was at that time that the three unknown brothers walked through the Paris boulevards happily, neither attracting attention, nor wanting to... the three brothers Mdivani.

Things began to happen after that.

Nina married a wealthy lawyer. She was able to give entertainments in honour of her brothers.

It became possible to send Alexis to school at Eastbourne, where he became the friend of two nice American boys named Van Alen, descendants of John Jacob Astor. They had a sister, Louise. She came over to Europe to study. Seventeen-year-old Alexis saw her—and decided to conquer.

Getting a job in a broker's office in Paris, Alexis struggled and saved to bring nearer the day when he could go to America to win Louise. He got there, came back, and was saving to go again when she saved him the trouble by coming to Paris on holiday.

"Fairy prince"

He renewed his wooing: won. She saw in him the incarnation of a fairy prince.

And so a beautiful wife, a string of polo ponies, a home in Paris and New York, and much else besides, were his.

"The Princess Mdivani," she was called. It sounded well in Fifth Avenue. It was spoken for the last time, as far as she was concerned, in the divorce court at The Hague.

It was David's turn, next, to create another "The Princess Mdivani." It wasn't difficult, seeing that he and Serge had gone to Hollywood with film ambitions.

Celluloid isn't the only stuff that flames up at Hollywood. You can imagine the excitement when two "princes" arrived in a film city that

had never known anything more than a real, live marquise.

Never before had two brothers known such popularity in the film colony. They were lionised at a whole host of receptions.

The much-married Mae Murray was envied by half the female population of Filmopolis when, having become another "The Princess Mdivani," she announced: "I fell for him right off."

Papa Mdivani, cabling desperately from Paris to stop the wedding, turned to Serge as the only representative of the family on the spot.

He might have saved his money, for Serge married Pola Negri. There was yet another "The Princess Mdivani" to be announced at parties. But Pola thought three years of it was enough. A few minutes in the divorce court and soon Miss Mary McCormick, the opera singer, was Serge's new princess.

"I was singing when he first saw me and I first saw him," declared Mary, with all the enthusiasm of a new bride. "It was a case of wild love at first sight."

Dazzle...

But, alas and alack for those two princesses, Mae Murray and Mary McCormick respectively—things soon started to go wrong!

They appeared before the shareholders of an oil company of which their husbands were directors, and succeeded in getting them ousted from the board.

For months the whole world was kept informed of their domestic differences.

Mae and Mary shed their princessships in the divorce courts, of course. After all that had been printed, it was to be expected.

Serge and David were actually being sued for divorce in America by Mae and Mary while Alexis was marrying Miss Barbara Hutton in Paris in an atmosphere of glitter and ostentation that dazzled and dazzled everybody who saw the proceedings.

And so the "heiress to the Woolworth millions," as one report had it, "the world's richest bride," according to another account, became yet another "The Princess Mdivani."

Alexis went off to stay with his sister, after one very emphatic refusal, carrying his broken heart with him. Then he heard that Miss

Barbara Hutton was sailing on a world cruise.

"I'm going abroad," he told his sister.

"Where?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

He sailed the next day. Somehow he at length caught a ship that met Barbara's at Bangkok.

His sister got this cable from Bangkok: "Think everything O.K.," it said.

Still gay

Together on the cruise-ship, Alexis and the girl whose hand he craved became the life and soul of the liner.

They were partners in all the deck sports and dances.

Everything was O.K.

"And I didn't see anything in him at first," Barbara stated afterwards.

It was certainly a gorgeous wedding. Barbara gave him a priceless diamond tiepin. Her father shipped a super-speed boat to Venice to await the honeymooners, and together they glided through the lagoons of the enchanted city.

And yet not long after Barbara's father had announced: "I am going to Europe to give the hand of my daughter to Alexis, Prince of Georgia," there were hints of trouble that were duly described as untrue.

The divorce was last week's news.

After it there were reports that "the Prince" would be allowed £10,000 a year and, in due course, denials.

Single again!

Yet again we were told that Alexis might remarry, and, still further, that a few hours after the marriage was dissolved he was dancing gaily with Kay Francis, the film star.

It doesn't matter.

The point is that twelve years ago three unknown boys walked through the streets of Paris neither earning public attention nor meriting it. Three ordinary unmarried youths...

To-day, for the first time since, all three of the marrying Mdivanis are unmarried again!

But what extraordinary vicissitudes have gone between, to make the name of Mdivani a notorious one wherever the words love, marriage, divorce, settlements, allowances and such balderdash as "subtle charm" have a meaning.

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

JOHN BULL

Readers'

Stories No. 131

WHEN you hear people talking about miners and miners' families you may be sure they don't always remember all the risks run by underground workers. Even miners' wives don't know. Even miners don't know.

We in the mining villages that are scattered about the North of England don't do much talk. Most of us have been connected with mining all our lives and our parents before us. And when I married my miner husband I was just carrying on the tradition, if it is a tradition.

Buxom women don't exist in our village. Maybe it is in the breed of us that men and women should be on the small side; but it is a well-known saying that the small, wiry miner is often better at his job than the stout one. Have you ever seen a stout miner? They are not common.

It was because of this tendency to wiriness that I was able to do what I did; but my physical appearance had nothing to do with the crisis or what I did at the moment the effort was made. And there is only one man in the village who knows the full story, and that is the village doctor, who was there, as he has been at every bit of trouble for the last twenty years.

The first news I got of the bother down the mine was when I was doing my front door-steps that Friday morning. Bad news spreads quickly. We women know there has been "a happening" down below almost as soon as the men at the pithead. We have had explosions, floods, broken cages and all the usual accidents; but this was not any of these. It was a fall of roof.

◆◆◆

My husband had hinted at what might happen. He and Jack, our son, aged twenty-one, were working in the same seam. There had been special props sent down, but still there was a sagging. Some of the older miners said it was water above pressing on the roof and if once it came through...

So here was I doing my door-steps that morning and thinking out the kind of dinner I'd have ready for them when they came up from their shift below. Down on my knees I was at the steps. I heard a rattle of wheels go by. That was the doctor's old car. Something got me by the heart. I looked after the car. It was racing towards the pit. Then I knew.

Another miner's wife came out of her door, wrapping her shawl about her shoulders. She didn't speak as she passed; just pointed to the pit. Other women appeared. I dropped my wash-cloth, ran into the house and was grabbing my coat and hat when I heard the sound of a car outside. It was the doctor's car again. The door was thrown open, and there was the doctor helping my husband into the house.

"It isn't much, so don't alarm yourself," he said. "I got him as he staggered out of the cage. Others are more serious, but I rushed him home. Bruises and shock. Let's get him to bed. Hot water. Come on."

"What about Jack?" I asked as we undressed my husband and I washed

the grime from him. He was trembling like a leaf and could not speak.

"Don't you worry," said the doctor. "It was a fall of roof. Don't know much about it myself. Now, I'll be off. Get another bed ready—for Jack, in case!"

Oh, I knew that "get another bed ready" phrase! It was always the order when the worst was feared.

As I tucked my husband in I was thinking—wildly and uncontrollably—frenziedly. I'd got my husband back. What about my boy? Down there among the ruins he was.

I heard the doctor's car start off. I pictured to myself the usual scene at the pithead. Volunteers. Rescue parties.

I looked at the heap of clothes I had taken off my husband and thrown into a corner in the hurry. He opened his eyes and looked at me.

"What about Jack?" I whispered, bending close to his head. But he couldn't answer. He sighed and closed his eyes. In a moment he was far enough away—unconscious or dreaming. At that moment I began my great adventure.

◆◆◆

I stripped myself and put on my husband's pit clothes. They were loose for me, but not too much so. I blackened my face from the coalbox. I stuck his cap on my head, shoving my bobbed hair underneath. There was nothing I could do in the house except wait for my husband awaking. I couldn't wait. He was not badly injured. But there was my boy!

I went out, closing the door, and walked to the pit. There was commotion everywhere. I forced my way through the crowd that was gathering. The officials, thinking I was just up from below, didn't take any notice of me. I heard them saying that the fall of roof

had cut off most of the men below; but there were some going down to see what damage had been done.

I saw the cage open with several miners inside. One carried a canary in a small cage. They had safety lamps with them. I entered the cage and stood among them. Not one of them recognised me or asked a question.

The manager gave the signal and the cage began to descend.

◆◆◆

It was the first time I had ever been down a mine. I don't know whether I had any feeling of that descent at all. The whole thing seems now to be a strange kind of dream, a thing that happened to someone else. I stood in a corner of the cage as the black walls rushed upward.

We passed a gallery, then another, and then, just as the cage slowed down, one of the miners, who had been looking at me, spoke:

"Don't remember you, mate," he said. "Are you one of the new chaps? If so, keep close to us or you may get adrift."

I remembered that about a dozen new miners had come to the district a week or so previously and had got a start at our pit; but luckily there was no time for closer questioning. The cage stopped and we were at the bottom, the West Seam.

Next minute we were out and moving along the "road." The pit had installed electric light in the main roads, but the fall had taken place in one of the branches, and the dust was thick in the dim light; it smelled, too, like the rank atmosphere of a damp wood after rain.

I had no lamp, but the beams of the others held by my companions flitted eerily here and there as we turned

(Continued on page 28)



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SON: You won't be disappointed. They've got some marvellous cloths just now.

FATHER: All right, my boy, but I'm not so fussy about that sort of thing as I used to be. So long as a suit is a good fit, and gives me plenty of hard wear, I don't ask for much more.

SON: Well, you'll get all that—and a bit more. They do manage to get something into their style that makes a suit right. You know, I still can't think how they do it at the price.

FATHER: By the way, I suppose there are no snags about the price? They don't stick on extras for alterations, or anything like that?

SON: Not a bit of it. "Fifty shillings—No Extras" is their motto, and they stick to it. And, anyhow, you've always got their Guarantee to fall back on.

FATHER: But what does that really mean?

SON: Exactly what it says. If a suit doesn't please you, they'll alter it, or remake it, or even return your money in full. And they're quite genuine about it, too! Just you ask them when you go there.

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Continuing Heroine of the Mine

The Rescue of My Boy

into the branch road. I found myself ankle-deep in slimy mud, the walls glistened here and there, and one or two trucks lay overturned in the grime.

We had not gone far before we found two men. Both were conscious, but one had his leg broken and the other was injured internally. They had crawled from the scene of the fall towards the main road and then could go no farther.

They were carried towards the cage and the signal given to hoist them. But while the party was absent with these men two others and I crept forward. We found another man about twenty yards ahead. He was badly injured in the back; his pick lay beside him; a lump of coal from the roof had pinned him down, and all around lay falls in heaps.

He was quite conscious. We propped him up and waited for the stretcher from the shaft bottom. Soon we heard the bearers coming. They were putting this poor broken fellow on the stretcher when one of the carriers said:

"This is the last, isn't it?"

The hurt man made a great effort to speak and finally gasped out:

"One chap—in there!"

He jerked his hand towards the dim distance. A lamp was flashed ahead. It showed the main fall. The branch road was completely blocked. The air was thick with dust.

The stretcher-bearers took the injured man away, leaving me with one other miner. We stepped forward cautiously, almost afraid to speak, lest the echo of our voices would start another fall.

It was a complete block. The roof seemed to have caved in; pit props stuck out of the rubble like guns from a ruined fort, all broken and smashed. If ever fear gripped me it was that moment. Somewhere in, or behind, that mass of coal and rubble lay my son!

"Not much chance for anybody in there," whispered the miner who stood beside me. "Afraid it's finish."

Just then the stretcher-bearers returned. They had brought news with them. The leader nodded towards the impassable barrier.

"We've got 'em all except one—young Jack F—"

It was the name of my son he spoke, and something like a breath of despair seemed to break from the men.

"We'll try," said the leader again, "but it looks hopeless. Handle this stuff carefully."

"We've got to get him!" I cried desperately.

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Nobody answered, and we began to shift some of the bigger pieces of the fall. We did it carefully, hardly breathing, with our hands, moving huge boulders an inch at a time and rolling them back, then jumping aside to avoid the rush of smaller stuff that came away.

An hour passed and still we were apparently no nearer our object. My hands were bleeding, my fingers raw.

More than once the other men called to me to take more care, or I'd have the heap down on them. I hardly heard them. But one thing I did hear clearer now, and that was the dribble of water beyond where we stood.

The others heard it also and stopped work. I heard the leader of the gang say that it was hopeless; if they cleared the fall they might be swept away by the water that had collected. He called to me to stop. I didn't stop. I worked with all the more energy. If once we stopped I knew it meant that we would leave the fall and I would never see Jack alive again.

I never heard the words that were

spoken to me by the others. At last I got my hands on a piece half as big as myself. It was wedged between the roof and the fall. I tugged at it, moving it slightly; but I could not get it loose. I scraped away like a madman, or a mad woman, then flung my arms round the piece and hauled with all my strength.

It moved more, it ground the smaller pieces under it into fragments. My feet were slipping among that debris; I was standing knee-deep in stones and coal. But I determined to get that piece free. At last, with a terrible effort, I got a grip on the opposite end of it and pulled frantically.

It came away, sliding bumpily over the ridge and past me as it slithered down to the floor. And then I gave a wild kind of cry. From the gleam of one of the lamps I saw through the black hole.

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There was a big pool of black water, on the surface of which were ripples showing that it was filling up. Beyond the pool more falls had taken place; the road was blocked again, but lying on the sloping side of the opposite fall was the form of my son Jack!

I knew it was him before I crawled through the hole I had made. I went over the hill of mud and coal like a lizard. I fell into the pool of water. It was up to my waist, and I could hear it dribbling in, although I could not see from where. Everything was black and glistening and muddy.

Just then a lamp shone steadily from behind me. One of the men had climbed the ridge and lay shining his torch through the aperture. I heard him announce in a hushed voice that I had "got him."

I laid hold of Jack, but could hardly

"The Greatest of These—"

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Joan looks a strong little girl, but were our readers to see her full length they would discover that her left leg is partially paralysed, the outcome of infantile paralysis.

But it is for Joan's mother we plead. In 1922, she had a severe nervous breakdown.

Until 1932, she was under the doctor, and in constant pain. "In the autumn of 1932," says her husband, "we despaired of saving her, and she was sent away to the sea. But her nerves were in such a critical state with the worry of being away and the knowledge of the struggle we were having, we had to bring her back before the change had done her any material good."

"My eldest daughter was then fourteen, and I was obliged to keep her at home to look after her mother. With the doctor in continuous attendance, my wife's condition improved a little, so that in the Spring of 1933 my daughter was able to go to work."

"Then, in November, 1933, my wife became suddenly worse, and was sent to hospital, where it was found only an immediate operation would save her, as she had a dangerous internal growth. The operation left her nerves in a worse state of collapse and other complications set in. Once more my daughter had to leave work to nurse her mother as I could not afford other help, there being three other children attending school."

"I gradually got into such a mess financially that last October my daughter was forced to seek employment again. During this period my wife had another collapse and had to be taken to hospital again. The medical superintendent decided that another operation was necessary but her condition was so weak she did not dare to operate. I was instructed to bring her home and send

move him. His feet and legs up to thighs were buried and he was anchored the fall.

How can I tell of how I tore at lumps that had buried his limbs? I can't remember doing it, but I know I did it. I dragged him free, put my arms round him and began to edge my way towards the hole. I got him up to the man who lay there pulled through, and I wriggled after.

I remember that I lifted Jack and put him on the stretcher that was being. If others helped me I was conscious of it. I stumbled beside the stretcher as we carried him down the road; but we had not gone far when heard a roar behind us.

◆◆◆

"That was a near go," said the leader. "Another fall in that cavity. Hear splash?"

Other falls took place just then. The barrier over which I had climbed acted as a dam, and the big block I had moved had been a sort of support for the shaky roof. Now the support removed more roof had caved in.

We reached the cage. I saw the place the stretcher on the floor; the cage began to swim in front of my eyes, and everything began to dance. I fell across the stretcher as the cage slammed.

I was in bed when I woke up. The doctor was standing by my side, and my husband was in a chair next him.

"She'll be all right now," said the doctor, and then he bent down to me.

"Jack's all right," he said gently. "He's in his bed and has a broken leg, but he'll get over that. Now tell me why you did it?"

"I couldn't help it, doctor. It was thought of my son down there. Do folks know?"

"Not unless you tell them."

answered. "I was at the pithead when you came up in a dead faint. I examined you and—knew you at once. So I had them put you and Jack in the same ambulance that brought you here. Most people think it was your husband and son that came in here together. Do you want the folks to know?"

I shook my head; and they don't know to this day. Nobody knows except Jack, my husband and the doctor—and myself!

IF ONLY—



Joan

her away for complete change.

"As I could not afford to send my wife away, my daughter had to lose her job to stay at home and look after my wife. She is not eligible for treatment in a convalescent home. She needs a doctor all the time and not termed a convalescent patient."

"The continuous worry has got me down that I have now been away from work with debility for four weeks."

Joan's father left the Army with an exemplary character, and the Minister who knows the family intimately states that he is a thoroughly honourable, conscientious man.

A neighbour writes that the family slowly crumbling up with the strain of worrying how to find the money to give her the care she needs at a cost of about 30s. a week, for two or three months.

"She is in acute pain," says her husband, "and all I hear morning, noon and night is 'If only I could get away and get well.'"

* * *

Donations earmarked "Joan," which will be the means of saving her mother's life, should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



IT SOUNDED 'CATTY'

—but I'm grateful to them now

"I notice a great many people write to you about what Hall's Wine has done for them, and I think you may be interested in my experience."

"My husband is an artist, and I used to sit for him as a model. But about six months ago, I got very run-down. I suppose my tiredness began to show in my face, for after a while my husband began to use professional models."

"Then one day, at a private view, I overheard something. Talking about my husband and me, someone said 'She looks years older than he — such tired lines on her face.'"

My Aunt's Advice

"I was terribly hurt, for I am five years younger than my husband. In the end I told my aunt about it. 'You don't find me getting run-down and looking more than my years,' she said. 'You do the same as me, get yourself a bottle of Hall's Wine. It tastes lovely, and you'll feel less run-down after the very first wineglassfuls.'"

"Well, Auntie was right! Immediately I started taking Hall's Wine I felt a new woman — ever so much brighter and stronger."

"Nobody makes catty remarks now — in fact, I'm told I look at least ten years younger than my husband these days. Hall's Wine is the nicest tonic I've ever tasted — I really do enjoy it."

Mrs. W.M., Chelsea, London.

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 43.

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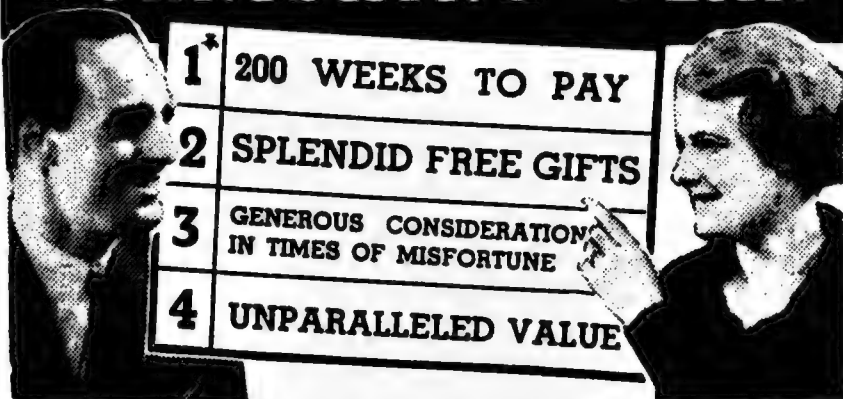
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Prepare and slice onions, boil for 20 minutes, drain off. Prepare and cook potatoes, steam off in saucepan until dry. Mash potatoes, add and mix thoroughly the Beef and onions. Place mixture in pie dish and cover with mashed potatoes. Place in oven to heat and brown—then serve.



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SOUR TEMPER

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FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES

TAKE

Beechams PILLS

Worth A Guinea A Box

IN the maternity ward of my hospital not long ago a woman gave birth to triplets. Her husband earned 48s. a week and there were three other children under ten. On the other side of the ward a woman of forty had come in for her first baby. All through her married life of fifteen years she had longed for a child, and now her wish was to be granted. But, alas! her baby was born dead.

That is typical of so much that happens in this topsy-turvy world. There are people whose hearts are sad and desolate because parenthood has been denied them. And yet every day children are born who are unwanted, uncared for, unloved. The birth of a child can mean great happiness or bitter sorrow. Here is a case where it has brought nothing but trouble and tragedy. My correspondent is a woman, who tells me:

"I have been married twenty-four years and have had a happy married life. I thought I had the best husband on God's earth until last year, when my world was shattered. I found a letter addressed to him in a woman's handwriting signed 'Your loving wife.'"

"It worried me terribly, for I thought at first it must be bigamy. When I spoke to my husband he confessed his unfaithfulness and that there was a child eight years of age. I went to a solicitor, who advised divorce or separation, but I could not face either, for I have a very dear daughter, fifteen years old, and what would life be for her without a father?"

"Although I was heart-broken I forgave my husband and have tried hard to forget it all. Then last week I got another shock. My husband's sister, who is a single woman, has undertaken to look after this child. I am afraid that this may be just a ruse and that in time my husband will want to bring it into our home. It seems to be unusual for a sister to take such an interest in her brother's illegitimate child. Will you kindly give me your advice?"

It is said that "the woman always pays." Here two women have had to pay, and by far the heavier price has been demanded from my correspondent. There is nothing more painful in life than to be "let down" by those you have trusted. I can understand, therefore, how terribly she must have felt the shock of this disclosure.

* * *

NOW, what is she to do? I know how one woman acted when confronted by a similar problem. She not only forgave her husband but agreed to take the child and bring it up as her own. Years afterwards she told me that she had never regretted that decision. Not many of us are built in that mould. It requires a love that is more divine than human. And I would not suggest it to my correspondent against her own judgment.

I can see quite clearly the difficulties in taking such a course. This woman is "trying hard to forget it all." The presence of that child would be a constant reminder of her husband's infidelity. Time, instead of healing the wound, would only keep it open.

I have said that I feel deeply for my correspondent. At the same time I am concerned for the welfare of that bairn. Eight years old, branded with the scars of illegitimacy, and now, for some reason, handed over to the care of another woman. My correspondent is afraid that in time she may be expected to take the child into her home. She knows her sister-in-law better than I do, but she must not anticipate troubles that may never arise.

This woman, I am told, is single. She may be fond of children. She may be looking at the matter from the child's standpoint and not with any idea of condoning her brother's lapse.

In any case, it may be that her care

The Other Woman's CHILD



"The birth of a child can mean great happiness—or bitter sorrow"

Human Documents—by Philip Inman

for the child will cause her to love it so much that nothing would induce her to part with it. My correspondent has made up her mind. If the time should ever come, let her tell her husband exactly how she feels. Any decent fellow, after causing his wife so much pain, would not add to it by ignoring her wishes.

There are people who are desperately anxious to do the right thing, but they are faced with almost insurmountable difficulties. Here is a girl in that position. She writes:

"I am a domestic servant, and I am very worried about my friend who works with me. She has had an affair with the youngest son of the house.

"When I said that she ought to be ashamed of herself, she said that she would please herself as she is twenty-one. She has no mother or father, and it would break her grannie's heart if I told her.

"Now she is going to have a baby and is blaming her own boy for it and he has promised to marry her. What I want to know is this: Should I tell him what I know or keep it to myself?"

"I ought to say that my master is a very well-known person and any scandal would be an awful thing for him."

All that I think my correspondent can

50 MILES OF FACES

Over fifty miles of films of new faces were run through the test cameras in 1934. This from one film studio alone! But, alas for cherished ambitions—only a handful of these screen aspirants will ever rise to fame! Open *The Picturegoer*, just out, and take a trip behind the scenes where glamour is manufactured and great names made.

Review and speculate over a magnificent double-page "spread" showing the potential Garbos and Gables of 1935. Read the life story of Robert Montgomery; learn what Wynne Gibson, now in Britain, has to say about Hollywood. A great number, not to be missed!

do in the circumstance is to appeal to her friend to play the game. She can point out that a marriage begun in deception is bound to end in disaster.

She can say to her friend: "Speak the truth and I will stand by you." That appeal fails, there is little more to be said. My correspondent has done her best.

There is one further point I feel I must mention. I can't understand the young man marrying a girl if he is humanely lameless. He would be a fool to saddle himself with a responsibility of this sort. It is possible that this girl and her boy friends are all "lots." If that is so, they are unworthy of a friendship of my correspondent.

Now I have no doubt in what category I would place the writer of the next letter. He stands condemned by his own words:

"I am thirty years age," he says. "In regular employment, although a small wage.

"For the past six months I have been keeping company with a man who is twenty-two. In the first few weeks of acquaintance I told

that I was a fickle sort of chap and had no intention of entering into a serious courtship with a view to marriage.

"In spite of the warning she persisted in the friendship and we have just drifted on. Result—she is now expecting to have a baby.

"Well, here is my problem: I do love her and I have no interest whatever in married life. What is more, although I know it is my duty to marry her, I should be absolutely miserable if I did.

"What shall I do for the best? You please tell me? For I have certainly made a mess of things so far."

* * *

THIS young man says he has made "a mess of things." He certainly has. And he will get no sympathy from me. It is a pity that the girl did not heed his first warning and drop a friendship that has had such disastrous consequences. This man admits that he has no affection for her.

He says that if he married her it would be "absolutely miserable." How can a happy home life be built on such foundations? This man's feelings would react upon both the girl and the baby. And from the mass of letters I receive I know the havoc that results from a loveless marriage.

What I think my correspondent should do is to talk over the matter fully and frankly with that girl. After all, it is the heavier burden and it is up to him to ease it in every possible way.

If they both agree that in the circumstances it would be unwise to marry, my correspondent must make full provision for her and for the child that has resulted from his blind passion.

Send your private problems to "Human Documents," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.1, enclosing stamped envelope. 6d. is paid for each letter quoted.

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FIRST GO
AT THE SKIPPERS"

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GREEDY-
THERE ARE
18 TO 22 FISH
IN A SKIPPER
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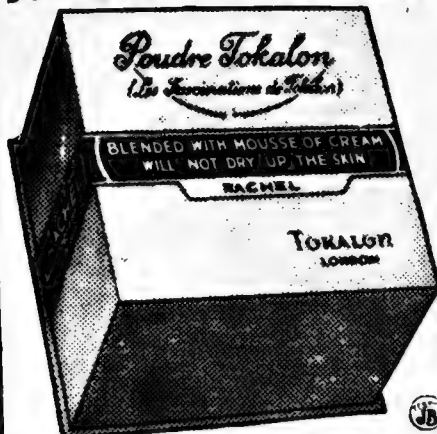
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This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box. If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222 L), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



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LAWRENCE of Arabia—to give him the name the world knows him by—lay last week in a tin military hospital on the desolate edges of Moreton Heath in Dorset, with the foremost specialists of the land fighting to keep the life in his broken body.

"All men kill the things they love," said the poet, but sometimes the things they love can kill them. Speed was Lawrence's love, his major interest and, perhaps, his dope too. To this strange genius, of whom his comrade-in-arms, the subtle King Feisal, once said, "he is 200 years before his time," speed was an obsession.

And now it has been his undoing. A few days ago he set off from Bovington Camp, headquarters of the Royal Tank Corps, where he had been paying a visit, to return to his cottage home about four miles away across the heath. He was on his great racing motor-cycle. Some minutes later a working party of Tank Corps men found him lying unconscious on the road, his cycle near him almost undamaged. A few yards away was an errand boy beside his pedal cycle, with which Lawrence had apparently collided. The boy, except for a slight concussion, was unhurt.

Lawrence, whose mind was steeped in the dry air of the Greek classics, would have savoured the profound irony of this occurrence. To have led single-handed a huge army of the most turbulent race in the world in a ruthless war; to have faced death a thousand times and emerged unscathed; to have placed kings on their new thrones; to have been begged by Britain's Cabinet Ministers to attend their councils as if he were the very fount of wisdom; to have renounced it all, power and profit and glory, following the dictates of his own strange and inexorable pride... and then to meet disaster on a perfectly straight and deserted English country road—at the hands of an errand boy on a bicycle!

Everybody knows the later story of Lawrence, his sudden abandonment of his high rank and privilege, to sink his individuality as a private in the Air Force under an assumed name, and reams of conjecture have been written about the reasons for his mysterious action. But we are more concerned with reasons why he chose the Air Force out of all the possible branches of the Services.

The reason was simply his passion for speed and machines.

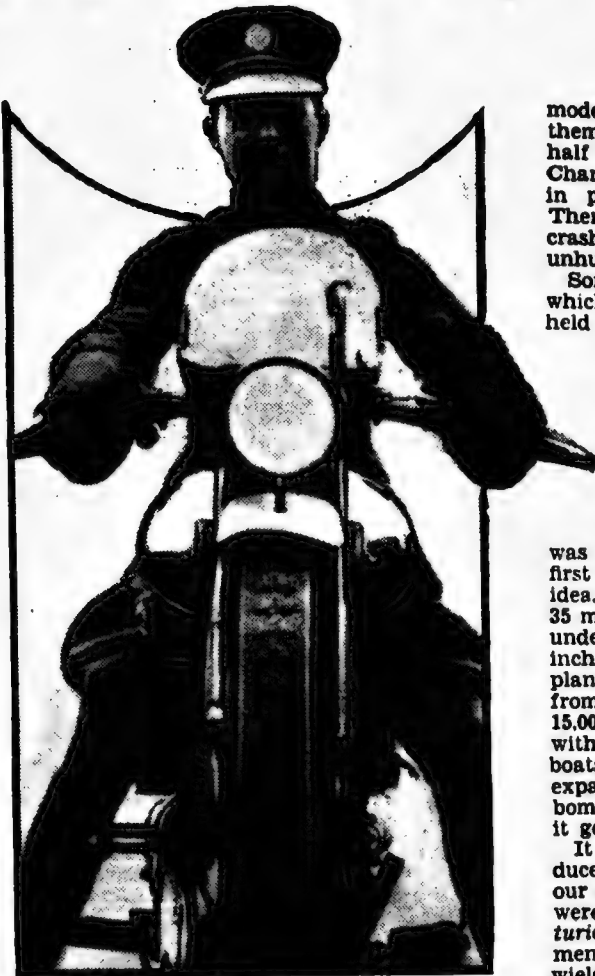
That is one of the strangest riddles of all about this strange man. Why should a scholar and a Fellow of All Souls who had spent his youth digging among the buried ruins of ancient civilisations, and his early manhood as blood brother and leader of an old and barbaric race, suddenly develop this craze for the most modern aspect of this age—speed and the high-speed engine?

BUT so it was. According to his own accounts, Lawrence chose the anonymity of a "Tommy's" life for the sake of the mental peace, the surcease from care that only soldiers know. "My only personal responsibilities now," he once said to a friend, "are to polish these four buttons down the front of my tunic." He chose the R.A.F. because there he could gratify his passion for speed machines. And he would be a plain aircraftsman. "We make machines, mend them, care for them. Officers merely fly them," he said.

When, in his first year of service, his identity was discovered (an officer who had known him in the East recognised him and sold the story to a London newspaper) and he was turned out of the R.A.F. in the storm of publicity which followed, he came to London in a rage, saw Winston Churchill, with whom he had negotiated the Arabian Treaty, and demanded as the price of his great services to the country that he should be able to follow the life he wanted. He pulled the strings of State so that he could get his "Tommy's" job in the R.A.F. back again and return to his beloved machines.

He succeeded, after spending a year in the Tank Corps until the hubbub died down. They sent him first to Cranwell, the R.A.F. cadet training centre, where as Aircraftsman Shaw he worked in the fitting and rigging shops. There he first began to gratify his love of speed in a personal way. With the

LAWRENCE— Demon of Speed



Speed was Lawrence's love—night after night he would go roaring across Salisbury Plain on his speedy motor-cycle

last of his savings he acquired a racing motor-cycle made by a firm in the North who build one of the most expensive and powerful machines in the world.

He used to ride this black monster at all off-duty hours of the day and night about the flat Lincolnshire landscape. Ride it to destruction. Thereafter this firm gave him a new cycle every year.

Not for publicity (their name has almost never been mentioned in any newspaper accounts concerning Lawrence), not for charity nor love, but because they used to get the most marvellously detailed technical reports from this mysterious aircraftsman, which were of the utmost value to them in modifying their subsequent designs. Of course, they knew very quickly who Aircraftsman Shaw really was. But they kept up the gifts of a new bike every year—as a simple commercial proposition.

Lawrence, the scholar, christened his first bike Boanerges—the "son of tumult and thunder"—aptly named from the colossal noise made by its cut-out. And Boanerges, he named each subsequent one of these 110-m.p.h. monsters.

BOANERGES I nearly "got him" the first year. Roaring back to Cranwell one night from Sleaford where he had gone to get sausages and other delicacies for a hut feast with his comrades, the machine struck a patch of ice in the dark when travelling at 45 m.p.h., Lawrence found himself unhurt at one side of the road, the bike at the other.

After Cranwell, the R.A.F. sent him to the seaplane station at Cattewater in Plymouth Sound. Here Lawrence was able to get special duties and privileges with which he could gratify his speed love.

It was here that experiments were proceeding in super-speed boats for rescue and tender work with seaplanes. Lawrence worked on the development of these craft, and soon he had some

models almost to himself, driving them out at 30 and 35 m.p.h. in half a gale blowing down the Channel, testing them to the limit in performance and endurance. There were many mishaps and crashes from which he escaped unhurt.

Some idea of the respect which his expert knowledge and held can be gathered from the fact that he was sent to Hythe, where secret experiments were proceeding in the construction of an armoured speed boat to act as live target for aeroplane bombing practice!

It is believed that was Lawrence's mind which first prompted this audacious idea. These boats go out at 35 m.p.h. with the crew crouched under an armoured roof of half inch Hadfield plate while aeroplanes rain real bombs upon them from all heights between 1,000 and 15,000 feet. The bombs are filled with black smoke compound. The boats are unsinkable, lined with expanding rubber substance. If a bomb hits an unarmoured port it goes right through.

It is these boats which have produced the superline accuracy of our air bombing. Previous targets were huge hulks like the *Curtis*, manned by hundreds of men, travelling only 12 m.p.h., and liable at dodging and turning. The boat targets are a mere feet; and they are cheaper, they carry only three or four men.

Whether Lawrence started the idea or not, it is a fact that a plain aircraftsman had the run of a shop of the British Power Boat Company at Hythe, where the first models were built, and that he lived in a cottage near the works. He used to go in at 8 a.m. in his aircraftsman's uniform, the men used to call him "Mr. Shaw."

ALSO, he was subsequently stationed at Bridlington, where he first live target practices were carried out, and where he went on to practices with the first volunteer crew when they were being inured to the thrilling and tricky job. It was from Bridlington that he finally left the R.A.F. a few months ago.

But Boanerges must not be forgotten. While at Plymouth, Lawrence had acquired the cottage in Dorset near which his accident occurred a few days ago, a permanent retreat. At Plymouth, he had certain privileges, including "permanent pass" out of camp, long as he reported for morning parade he was free after his day's work was done.

Now part of Lawrence's strange character was the fact that he could live with a bare minimum of sleep. He trained himself in this since boyhood. So night after night he would mount Boanerges and set off the odd 100 miles to his cottage in Dorset there to work at his writing. It was by candlelight in his writing that he completed his monumental poem, that he translated Homer's "Odyssey" from the Greek, recently published. At dawn he would set off back again to Plymouth camp.

Night after night he would go roaring across Salisbury Plain, eating up midnight leagues on his solitary journey. Then, he said, he was happy. Lonely cottagers near the Plain and the quiet Dorset lanes would hear the deep-toned thunder of Boanerges roaring by, iron-ridden by this strange, of steadfast and inscrutable purpose.

And now—Boanerges, a quiet country road, and an errand-boy on a bicycle.



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Bella was upset when she knew why the girls wouldn't play with her. She felt ill too. Giant Decay thought it fun.



Then Bella's Mummy bought some Gibbs Dentifrice, and in the night Gibbs Archer told Bella about teeth being Ivory Castles.



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Gibbs Dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth safely and perfectly... purifies... defeats decay. Protects delicate enamel and tender gum tissue. Best for children; best for grown-ups. Clean, hygienic and economical. Change to Gibbs to-day.

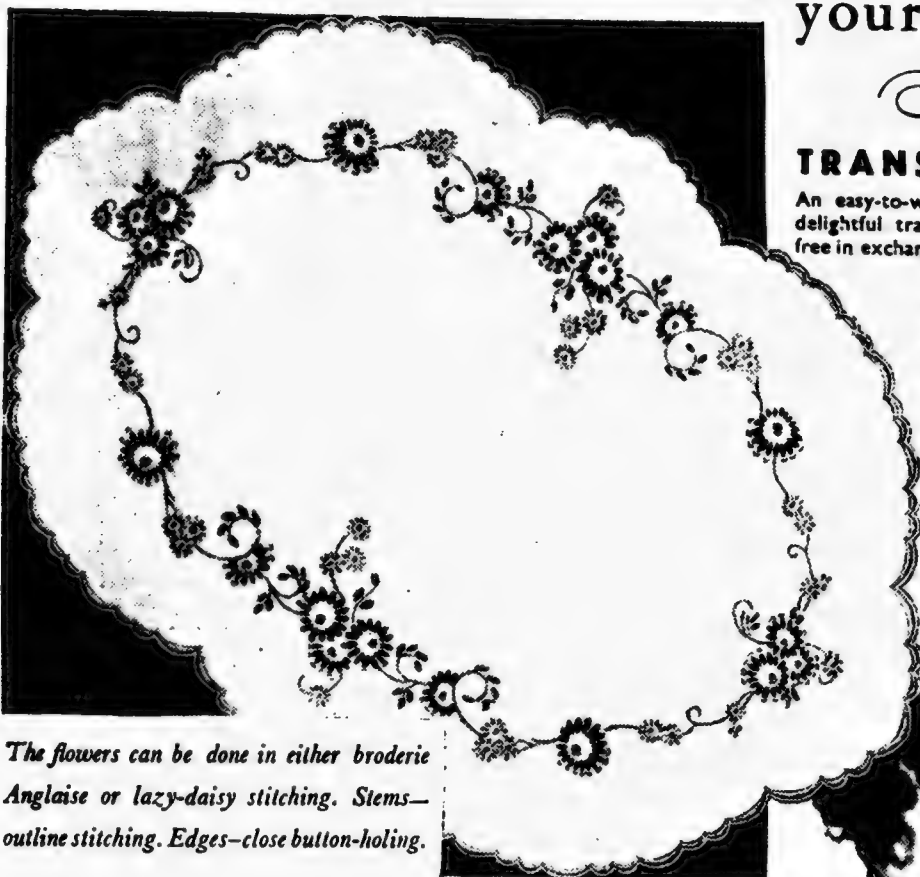
Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

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The flowers can be done in either broderie Anglaise or lazy-daisy stitching. Stems—outline stitching. Edges—close button-holing.

Pretty but practical describes this gay, flowery tray cloth which measures 20 in. by 14 in. The design is easy to embroider—this is not one of those pieces of embroidery you tire of long before it is finished! Use fine white linen or organdie for the background. It will repay you by wearing well and will look really "good" when starched with Robin. Of course, Robin is the easy starch—easy because it mixes in a moment—because the gloss is in it and your iron glides. Easy because that expert finish comes so very easily!

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Are you **SURE** your lavatory never offends?

Will friends criticise your lavatory and think you "careless"? They won't if you use Harpic. There's no need for unpleasant brushing—just sprinkle Harpic, and your lavatory-pan will be spotlessly white, fresh and sanitary. Free from all germs and odours. And Harpic does more—it sweeps right round the bend in the pipe where the brush cannot reach. The best time to use Harpic is last thing at night, when it can work undisturbed for several hours. Don't keep dangerous acids in the house—use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



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HARPIC
-that's all it needs

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CORNS

COME RIGHT OUT!

Say goodbye to corns and foot pains! Here's the quickest, surest relief known. Just plunge your aching, corn-tortured feet into the medicated and oxygenated water of a "Reudel" Saltrates foot-bath. Relief is almost instant! Oxygen enters the pores, banishing tiring acids and carrying special corn-loosening salts to the roots so that corns soon come right out easily and painlessly! Don't risk blood-poisoning by cutting your corn, but get quicker and safer relief with "Reudel."

**REUDEL BATH
SALTRATES**
(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in **YELLOW** packets
1/6 — large size 2/6.

ON with the JUBILEE TEA!

WHEN all the tumult and the shouting of the Jubilee celebrations have died down; when the floodlights are extinguished and the decorations folded away, then the daily round of cares and work will blur its memory for the grown-ups. But the children will not forget so easily.

They have had a share in the national joy and festivities—one of the loveliest manifestations of it—which has not been as much spoken of as it might be. JOHN BULL has a special interest in doing so. A week before the celebrations began we made a particular plea to all public authorities to make the Jubilee a great time for the children. We took some of them to task for planning elaborate and costly decorations and functions and forgetting that there were such things as children.

We have a very real pleasure in noting now how that idea speedily took root and flourished everywhere.

In many places last-minute additions were made to plans which had been previously limited to fobbing children off with a cheap flag, a china mug or a medal. Other authorities extended their good treat plans to something even better. But what deserves a special memorial is not what the Councils did—but what the people, and particularly the poorest people, did themselves for the children. . . .

Dances in the road

A long way from the flag-bedecked restaurants of Mayfair, from floodlit palaces and giant stores, is Hulme, Manchester's black area. But Hulme had its flags and its restaurants. Its restaurants were on its grimy pavements chalked red, white and blue—rank upon rank of decorated kitchen tables piled high with cakes and pies, sweets and fruit and every drink known from ginger pop to tea—and crowded with children.

The music was home-made like the jam-pot floodlights, but after their tea the children danced in the roadway in their gaily coloured paper caps.

And it was all done with Hulme's pennies. For days before it had house-to-house collections, and Brunswick Street and all the other little streets between "went bust" to give the children a treat that they will never forget. There was gallant proof of it in a sign stretched across one of the streets, a terse notice to the weekly rent

S. AFRICAN VARIETY!

The South African cricket team has many distinctions other than men who score centuries and take wickets. One of them is a wizard on the one-string fiddle, another climbed Kilimanjaro, South Africa's highest mountain, twice within ten days, and another claims the honour of being the only Greek in the world to play first-class cricket.

I. A. Peebles, the Middlesex and England bowler, knows all the members intimately, and in this week's *Passing Show* he gives readers exclusive information of their prowess on and off the field.

Hannen Swaffer continues his review of the momentous years of the King's reign, and has many outspoken comments to make about the part played by women.

In addition, there are many other fine features and a riotous fun supplement. Make sure you get your copy of this week's *Passing Show*, on sale everywhere—price twopence.



A scene at the great Jubilee tea party held in the Albert Hall recently

collector: "Landlords keep out. Spent up."

In Lambeth, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green and all the poorer districts of London there were nearly 200 separate teas and other treats organised by the people themselves for the children. In these districts the festivities are still going on. There the kiddies will have something to remember the Jubilee by. . . .

Old Paradise Street, Lambeth, is not a bit like what its name implies, but they know how to do things in style. When the princes and the great ones of the earth, ablaze with orders and jewels, were attending the King to offer congratulations, Old Paradise Street sent a wire: "The King, Buckingham Palace. 200 children assembled for tea in Old Paradise Street, Lambeth, offer their loyal and loving greetings to your Majesties."

Solemnly, in the language of the Courts, Buckingham Palace wired a reply which was read to the garlanded cheering children at the tables in the roadway: "The King is much gratified to receive the message of congratulation which you have sent on his Silver Jubilee, and I am desirous to express His Majesty's warm thanks to all who join in the good wishes."

Anchor Street, Bermondsey, had a house-to-house collection for the children's Jubilee tea, and then the workers got busy. Two hundred were known to be sitting down, and perhaps half as many again from neighbouring streets, because all children were welcome.

The problem was where to seat them all, so Anchor Street calmly roped off their street without asking the Minister of Transport about it, and set tables down the middle of the roadway. They did worse. They erected unofficial "No Entry" signs at the street ends and unofficial "Belisha Beacons" and speed signs in the adjoining highway so that their grand children's party should not be interrupted by motorists careering round the corner without warning.

This children's party idea in a populous roadway was copied by another street in the King's Cross district. Here, however, the street shall be nameless, because the point duty policeman connived at this heinous offence against the Ministry of Transport.

He joined in!

He actually assisted the residents to close the road with ropes. There is evidence that he also shared in the children's tea. He certainly joined in the dancing afterwards!

All over the country there are the same stories of children's treats provided by the poorest people.

The story of Aberavon is worth mention. The people there gave the children a party in protest against the thoughtlessness of the local authorities. The children had expected to receive a

Jubilee souvenir in the shape of chocolates, but at the last minute it was found that they were to get nothing.

It was a bitter disappointment, but everybody hastily clubbed together and organised a great treat. Tradesmen contributed cakes and fruit and drink for the Jubilee tea, housewives baked all Sunday. And then a showman brought his roundabout into the decorated streets and gave the children free rides all day and evening.

These Jubilee parties for children are still going on, particularly in places where the councils skimped on Jubilee expenditure on the children, and in hundreds of small streets the voluntary collectors and secretaries are poring over the accounts of the house-to-house collections.

The surplus

Here is a sample balance-sheet from a London street posted up outside the house of the collector for all to see:

	£	s	d
Amount collected	..	7	12 6
Expenditure—			
Cakes	..	0	7 2
Fruit	..	0	14 9
Bread	..	0	6 6
Paper Hats ..	..	0	18 0
Lemonade ..	..	0	10 0
Groceries ..	..	1	2 4
Sweets	..	0	8 8
Crackers ..	..	0	5 0
		£	12 5

This street has thus a surplus of £3 0s. 1d. after providing a treat for its children that they will remember for a long time.

That surplus has given them an idea. They are putting it aside, and later they will increase it by other house-to-house collections, and with the money thus obtained they are going to send the children away for a seaside outing in August. Other streets are doing the same with their surpluses (those that have got them).

Now that they have found out—like the Chancellor of the Exchequer—how easy it is to raise a big sum with pennies, they are going to extend the idea of the Jubilee teas for children. And who shall say that they do not know a better way than the Chancellor of the Exchequer of spending their surpluses?

WHEN NEXT YOU'RE MAKING A JELLY

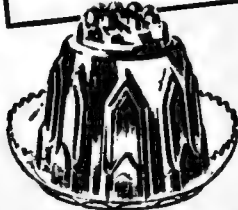
Smell it!
Can you smell real fruit juices?

AAH! DELICIOUS!
REAL ORANGES.
THIS ROWNTREE'S
SMELLS LOVELY!



Have you ever tried smelling a table jelly just after it's dissolved? You ought to! Melt an ordinary jelly, then smell it — you'll find there's hardly any smell. Now try a Rowntree's Jelly. It's delightful! You can smell real fruit juices. Juicy oranges, strawberries, raspberries. It's because of these real fruit juices that Rowntree's taste so much nicer than ordinary jellies.

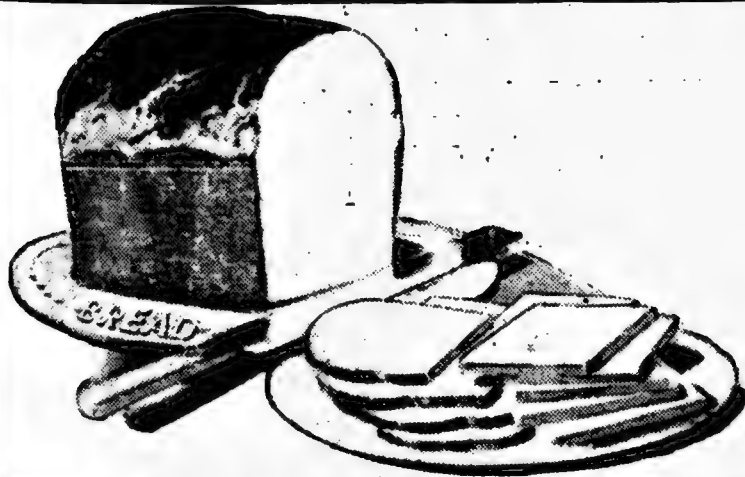
12 FLAVOURS —
including Raspberry,
Lemon, Strawberry,
and Orange.



Rowntree's Table Jellies are cube-moulded for quick dissolving. They cost only 4½d. a packet, and a Free Gift coupon is included. Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count.

There's real fruit juice in . . .

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES



**THE WELL-FED
MAN
is the
BREAD-FED
MAN**

C.F.H. 77



**Mother's a
'Merry Andrew' too!**

There are "Merry Andrews" of all ages; bright, cheery, smiling folk whose well-spring of happiness is vigorous Health, whose Secret of Health is trusty Andrews Liver Salt.

Sparkling, pleasant-tasting, bubbling with welcome invigoration, Andrews brings prompt relief to those who are feeling "out of sorts." It cleanses internally, bracing and toning the whole system. A refreshing glass once or twice weekly helps you to feel, look and be at your best the whole year round.

9^d
and
1¼

Year after year, for 40 years, Andrews has served the Health needs of an ever-increasing multitude of "Merry Andrews." Time has proved that what Andrews claims to do, Andrews does.

**ANDREWS
LIVER SALT**

HER SHATTERED NERVES

Woman Who Was in Daily Dread

"My nerves were in such a state that I was always in dread of something terrible happening." So stated Mrs. E. Freedman, 5, Old Oak Road, Acton, to a reporter.

"Twelve months ago," she continued, "I was taken seriously ill with hæmorrhage, and for months I was in agony. My nerves went all to pieces: I really thought I should go out of my mind. I couldn't sleep or eat solid food: my face went green in colour and I fell away to a shadow. I used to cry all day long. It was not safe for me to be alone, and traffic terrified me."

"My husband spent pounds on doctor's bills in vain, and then one day a visitor recommended Dr. Williams' pink pills. After taking the first two boxes I began to have a renewed interest in life; my appetite came back; I could sleep well and my night horrors disappeared."

"Now I feel splendid; I can go out and about without fear, and am glad to be alive. Everybody is astounded at the change, and I cannot praise Dr. Williams' pink pills enough for the wonderful relief they have given me."

You, too, can make yourself fit and well by taking Dr. Williams' brand pink pills. Of all chemists 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). If you do not derive benefit, the proprietors will refund your money.

**GROW THICK, STRONG
WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS**



Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness, or hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others. Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in clumps; with the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several bottles. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and in a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy-looking."

**KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER**

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

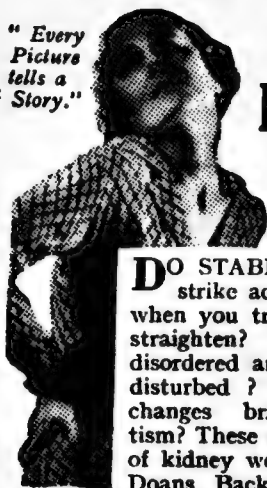
To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (53, B.W.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Every Picture tells a Story."



Weak Kidneys make life a burden

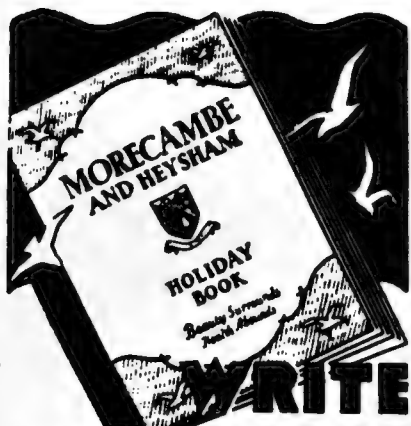
DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back when you try to bend or straighten? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatism? These are symptoms of kidney weakness which Doans Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. Their early use can save you weeks of pain, with backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and other forms of kidney weakness.

"Ill for 18 months"

Mrs. A. Egan, 3, Dublin Cottages, River, Dover, says:—"Terrible pains in my back and loins bent me almost double. My right arm was stiff and sore with rheumatism. Bladder action was irregular and the excretions were unnatural and caused pain.

"I had been ill for eighteen months when I tried Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They brought about a wonderful improvement and now I feel as well as ever. (Signed) A. Egan."

1/3, 3/6, 5/6. Insist upon



to-day for brand-new 100-page All-photogravure Holiday Book of Morecambe and Heysham. It will give you a complete picture of the town and its environs. Post free from The Advertising Manager, Room 58, Town Hall, Morecambe. Special events take place each month during the Summer and Autumn, and there are countless other attractions, sports and entertainments.

SPECIAL EVENTS INCLUDE:

June 19-29 Third Drama Festival and Open-Air Spectacle — Aug. 23-29 The Flower Show — Sept. 14-21 Carnival — Aug. 31 - Oct. 14 Illuminations.



GO BY LMS

Ask at any LMS station, office or agency for full details of Monthly Return Tickets (third class 1d. a mile—first class 1 1/2d. a mile). Excellent services to Morecambe from all parts by LMS. Stay at the wonderful new Midland Hotel. Tariff on application.



THE turnstiles of the London Zoo have been making merry music in the last few weeks. In fact, never before in history have they admitted so many Spring visitors.

And the reason is the famous chimpanzee Boo-Boo and her newly born daughter, Jubilee. If they can maintain their drawing power throughout the summer months they should attract half a million extra visitors, this year, on their own account, a figure that would daze some of the leading stars of Hollywood.

In fact, popularity with the public is going to Boo-Boo's head, in the opinion of the Zoo's keepers. Whereas she promised to be a model mother at first, as monkeys usually are, she spends too much of her time posing to earn admiration.

She throws her baby in the air, not to amuse it, or to keep it quiet, but to earn applause—and that slap-dash form of juggling is not in an infant's best interests. She does not carry it in her arms, as human and monkey mothers usually do, but drags it round on one of her legs, presumably to leave her arms free for theatrical gestures to delight her "fans."

Mystery virtue

Stardom looks like spoiling Boo-Boo, as it has spoiled thousands of human stars. But the fact remains, as an official of the Zoo informed JOHN BULL, that Boo-Boo, the coy and affected, has turned out to be the biggest draw in history of any of the Zoo's "star turns."

What particular quality in an animal turns it into a prolific money-maker? The Zoological Society has devoted a lot of thought to this question, and is still unable to answer it.

It is not mere prettiness, as the fact that Boo-Boo and Jubilee are both pretty in their appearance and their mannerisms would suggest. The stories of other great Zoo stars show that without a doubt.

Who, for instance, would have ascribed beauty of any sort to Marmaduke, the 200-year-old tortoise, which died in 1933? He was a battered, hoary-looking old scoundrel. Yet in his early days at the Zoo he created a *furor*, and all through his twenty-four years at Regent's Park was a steady money-maker, chiefly due to the fact that he enjoyed giving children the most novel kind of ride and because he impressed elders with his scholarly looking air.

Then there was Billy the vicuna, who died two years ago. He hadn't got a single nice quality about him. In fact, he was the worst-tempered inmate the Zoo ever had, spitting at anybody who lingered more than a moment at his den and showing an unerring aim.

You had only to look at Billy's cage to realise that thousands of people used to go to the Zoo to be spat at by Billy, and the keepers have actually known little girls to burst into tears because their clean frocks and pinafores have not been despoiled quickly enough.

Nor was Joey the porcupine—the star feature of the collection presented by the Prince of Wales in 1922, although not the most valuable of the lot—anything in the nature of an oil painting. He won all hearts because he liked children to stroke him with soft hands that he could have punctured a hundred times if he had wished, and certainly deserves to rank as a Zoo "star."

Most famous ever

It was once said of him that he could read the human heart. Certainly he seemed to know whether you were going to touch him in kindness or in anger.

All these ugly ducklings of the animal world earned their purchase price—if they were bought at all—many times over.

The most famous inmate the Zoo ever had was Jumbo the elephant, who was killed by a railway train in America fifty years ago after years of service carrying children and amusing adults. When

Animals that KEEP the Zoo



Boo-Boo, and her baby, Jubilee—the Zoo's greatest attraction just now

and tigers, no pretty guinea pigs, no such novelties as whistling—and yet these creatures rarely "draw" on their account.

No Kings of the Forest for interest, have attracted the crowds of Sam and Barbara, the bears, now dead, who lived the perfect family life, complete to quarrels, under eyes of an admiring public. Nor could they compete with Mok and Moira, the two chimpanzees who were the Zoo's chief favorites until Boo-Boo and her baby and stole the thunder.

Apes' parties

Broadcasting put the touches to the popularity of Mok and Moira. They gave such a perfect portrayal of roaring, frenzied domestic discord when B.B.C. put a microphone into their little den.

And who will ever forget the four apes that used to give tea parties in public every day, until pneumonia—caused because they trustingly got too near those human beings who carry such germs—broke up their quarter?

And who will forget Old Bill, the most popular sea-lion ever, who ruled the other sea-lions with a rod of iron, and, knowing that the high-dive from the highest rock after a flying mackerel fish was the most popular turn the Zoo could provide, reserved that particular rock for himself and his wife Nibby?

Not only did Old Bill attract hundreds of thousands of visitors in his time, but he gave the spectacle of "feeding the sea-lions" that popularity that still persists and so can be said to be still earning money even in death.

There have been short-lived favorites, of course. Lionesses flame up for public estimation for a time when they have babies. The Burmese white elephant attracted multitudes in 1928 when its mahout murdered a keeper at the Zoo, chiefly due to the fact that the rumour spread that the cause of the murder was resentment at the fact that the sacred animal had been moved from Burma, when it was really due to private jealousy.

Law reversed

But the fact remains that some animals are born stars. They keep the Zoological Gardens of the world—our own included—solvent. Only because they can huge beasts costing from £1,000 to £2,000 each, and which have no drawing power of their own, draw their vast rations.

And so the law of the jungle is reversed.

The little, which in wild life are usually eaten by the big, draw the money that keeps the unattractive monsters in comfort. And all because of that something that the others haven't got—the elusive quality that makes a "star."

he was sold to America, London seethed with indignation, and there were even law-suits to prevent the sale.

Curiously enough, however, Jumbo never ranked as a big money-maker, although—a good elephant being able to make £250 a year in giving rides—he more than earned his keep.

"Dial by Whistler"

"Actually, Jumbo never became really famous until the moment he was sold to America," an official of the Zoo said the other day, "and he owes the fact that he is the most famous animal ever kept in captivity to the fact that he was killed so tragically soon after all the fuss that had been made about him."

No, Jumbo never drew as much money as Sandy, the orang-utan, who died five or six years ago, and who was generally loved for his flaming red face, which zoological experts politely refer to as "an unusual facial disc," and which led a cynic to call him "the monkey with a dial by Whistler"—a reference to the famous sunsets of that painter.

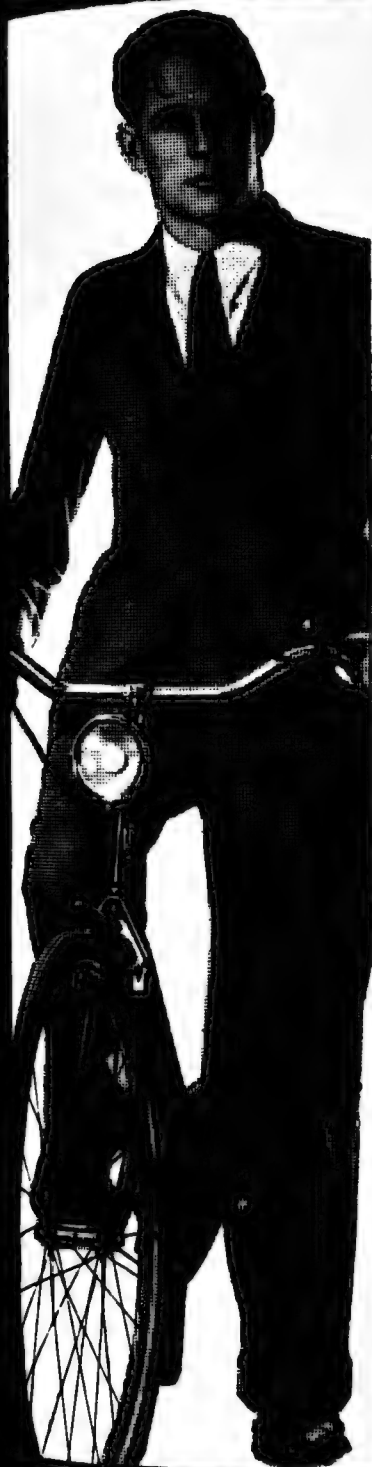
Nor did he keep the turnstiles as busy as another monkey of which you have probably never heard, Arthur the Chimp, who, among scores of uncanny tricks, could choose his own key from the hundreds carried by his keeper and unlock his own door.

Then there was Guy Fawkes the Hippo, named because he was born at the Zoo one Guy Fawkes' Day. He was a favourite because he was so unusually friendly and presentable for a hippopotamus, monsters of that kind being too dull and unintelligent, as a rule, to earn popular favour.

Think how few people would go along specially to see the Zoo's present rhinos, which are worth £2,000 each, and eat their heads off, and then take your hat off to Guy Fawkes as a being that won stardom in face of terrific difficulties.

A Zoo would soon lose support if it had no fierce and proud-looking lions

Every Rudge
is a safety
bicycle

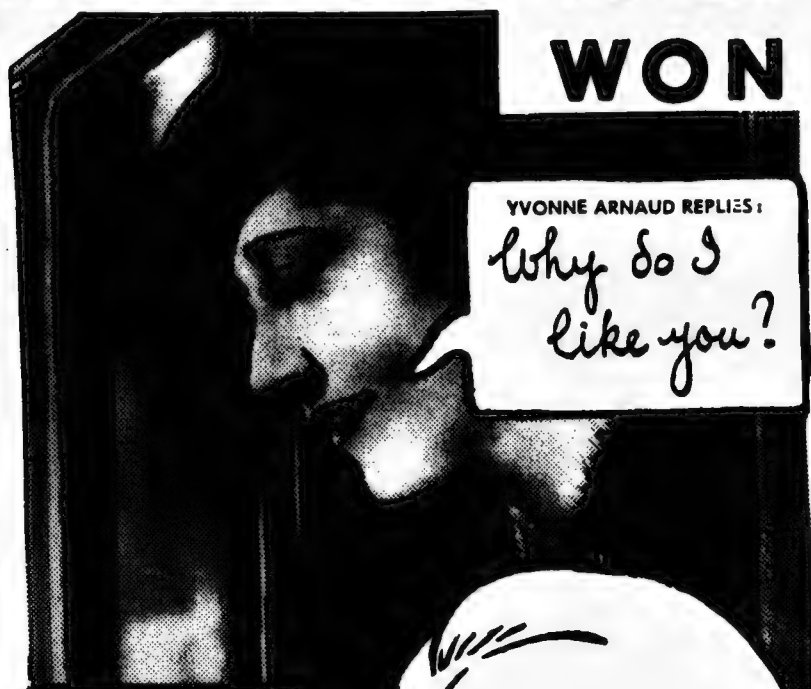


RUDGE
WHITWORTH
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

FALSE TEETH held firmly with
KOLYNOS DENTURE
FIXATIVE
OF ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES
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A NOTHER £800 TO BE WON

"What
would YOU
say?"



YVONNE ARNAUD REPLIES:

*Why do I
like you?*

TOM WALLS SAYS:

*Why do you
like Nestlé's
Chocolate?*

£500 1st prize **£150** 2nd prize **£50** 3rd prize
200 prizes of 10/-

This competition closes May 31st. Winners' cheques posted on June 14th

If Tom Walls had said to you "Why do you like Nestlé's Chocolate?"—how would you have replied? You see what Yvonne Arnaud said—now, what would you have said? That's all you have to do in this month's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition. Everybody enjoys the give and take of conversation—here's an opportunity to show your ready wit and to win a big cash prize!

And when you go by train, you've only to open a block of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate and lunch is served. A satisfying snack—as nice as it is nourishing. A delicious taste that suggests good replies for this month's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition!

★ HOW TO WIN ★

1 Nestlé's will award a first prize of £500 to the competitor who submits the most suitable reply (of not more than 12 words) to Tom Walls' remark. To the competitor who submits the next most suitable reply, a second prize of £150 will be awarded, and to the third, a prize of £50. 10/- each will be awarded to 200 competitors whose attempts range next in suitability. This competition applies only in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

2 You may send in any number of entries for each monthly competition. If more than one reply is submitted, entries may be made on plain paper. Each entry to be accompanied by the front of wrapper from either: One 1-lb. block or: Two 1-lb. blocks or: Four 2-oz. blocks of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.

3 All entries will be individually considered by a panel of expert judges. No correspondence can be entered into and the expert judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding. No employees of Nestlé's or any associated company, may enter. Nestlé's reserve the right to use any phrase submitted.

4 After filling in the reply space, cut out the whole advertisement, and post with wrapper in a sealed envelope to Nestlé's, Dept. No. 10C, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8, not later than May 31st. Write clearly in pencil, illegible entries will be disqualified. Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on June 14th. The names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes will be published in the Press on June 15th and 16th.

Don't cut this coupon
Post complete advert.

I agree to abide by the
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Please write in BLOCK letters.

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NESTLÉ'S chocolate

NOTICE: The latest date for exchanging Nestlé's Free Gift Coupons is 30th June next. All applications for Free Gifts should be sent in before that date, when the Free Gift Scheme terminates. COPYRIGHT

★ **WINNERS OF**
NESTLÉ'S April
COMPETITION

Mr. D. C. Browning, "Hillview," Boars Hill, Oxford
won the 1st Prize of **£500**
Mr. J. I. M. Rhodes, 34, Upland Rd., Leeds, 8, 2nd Prize **£150**
Mrs. A. Colley, "Meadowcroft," Windlesham, Surrey,
3rd Prize **£50**

All prizewinners, including the confectioners supplying the winners of the first three prizes, have been notified, but a full list will be sent to all applicants enclosing a 3d. stamp to Nestlé's Competition Result Department, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.

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**FREE OF ALL
COST**

Write your name and address in block letters. Enclose in unsealed halfpenny envelope and post to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.264, Manchester, 16

Name

Address.....

IN mid-air the riveter looks round with frozen horror. A ten-ton girder has swung round in the process of being lifted and has rendered his mate unconscious. There, a hundred and twenty feet over the London streets, he hangs perilously—in imminent danger of crashing to death.

To jump towards him would mean certain death for himself. There is only one thing to do. His call of "Ambulance! Ambulance!!" goes ringing down to the pavement below.

"Ambulance! Ambulance!!" another mate calls over the telephone, and in a few seconds the fairy godmother service that watches over us all—the ambulance service, as it is known—is working feverishly to save the man who is poised in mid-air between life and death.

One of its ambulances clangs through the streets. Two L.C.C. men climb to the dizzy perch. On a girder two feet wide they put a broken limb in splints. Expertly, they lower the victim to the ground in a builder's skip. And not until the hospital bed is reached is their vigilance relaxed.

Above the din

One of the exciting little dramas of London life, you might call it. Yet it happens in every big city. In every big and well-organised community there is such a fairy godmother service, watching, watching...

What happens, from that moment when tragedy is first discovered, and onwards? Let us follow the course of that call of "Ambulance! Ambulance!!" on a girder high over London and see.

The telephone call was received in a quiet office on one of the top floors of the County Hall, far above the din of London's vast panorama spread below. One of a row of telephone girls seated there for the purpose heard it.

There are maps of London around those girls and a complete list of London's ambulance stations and hospitals, each marked, like the traffic lights in the streets, with red and green-lamps.

A red light means that the ambulance at that station has already left for the scene of an accident—a green that an ambulance has already finished its job at the door of a hospital and is ready for more work.

So has electricity been harnessed to look after you and everybody who uses a busy modern street.

All day and all night those red and green lights go on winking, telling to

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"... he told him to keep the CALF-CROWN."

HARROGATE ADVERTISER:—"Comfortable COACH and Easy Chair to match."

OLDHAM WEEKLY CHRONICLE:—"If the committee would give them the PAIN, some of the old men would do the painting."

HOME JOURNAL:—"Gloria came down the STAIRS in leisurely fashion."

TOTNES TIMES:—"... if there were any who wanted a cup of EAT and bite to eat."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"In every big city there are thousands of expensive SET-sitting rooms..."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Riddington, who is a FELT-handed bowler and bat."

NORWICH MERCURY AND JOURNAL:—"A black cow and her six first cross pigs fetched £12 3s."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A more interesting experiment was carried out with the Washington which embodied the then latest ideas of UNDERWEAR construction."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Mr. ... was well known as a great religious TRACTOR distributor."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"Edinburgh proposes to turn day into NIGHT by the most ambitious floodlighting scheme yet attempted."

THE POULTRY AND POULTRY HUSBANDRY:—"Fowls should not be drawn, i.e., trussed ready for ROOSTING..."

Some dreadful accident—cries of "Ambulance!"—and London's "fairy godmother" service is on the spot in a few minutes



Red CROSS of the Street

the busy watchers the story of the Battle of Life that knows no armistice.

No fewer than 44,844 times last year that call of "Ambulance! Ambulance!!" was heard at that busy switchboard. That means that 44,844 times those lights were studied, and the ambulance nearest to the place indicated sent clanging to the spot.

Not always has it ended there. Sometimes three, four, even five ambulances have been needed, and the girl has picked out the appropriate number of green lights and rallied the ambulances they represent.

Sometimes the Fire Brigade Squad has been necessary, with what its members know as their "box of tricks."

This consists of a complete equipment of axes, saws, hammers, drills, ropes, chisels, oxygen-breathing apparatus, gas helmets, gas-masks, smoke helmets, oxy-acetylene cutters, flashlights, and a list of all the experts likely to assist in rescuing people from a calisson at the bottom of the Thames or a turret at the top of the Tower Bridge.

Cutting steel

With the increasing use of tougher and tougher metals in the construction of buildings, lifts and so on, this box of tricks is constantly being made more and more up to date. The latest apparatus will cut through steel up to fifteen inches thick—and is portable enough to be rushed anywhere, into the bargain.

Think of some of the accidents that have had to be tackled, and it will make you realise how wonderful is this portable apparatus.

Once the workmen in a calisson under the Thames were imprisoned on the bottom of the river during the tunnelling in connection with London's tubes.

Apparatus was used to can cut through stone walls such as imprisoned these men—even at depth of fifty feet.

A man was struck down by timber that fell over a forty-foot precipice of Thames wharf. The ambulance men then raise their victim in a minimum of time horizontally.

A workman was pinned down by block of stone weighing ten hundred weight on a wall that rose high into the air, with a fall of thirty feet on either side. The ambulance men climbed this perilous position, released him from the stone on this perilously narrow ledge, and got him down to safety.

Fifty feet high, on a piece of ground fully occupied by his sprawling body, a workman lay with a compound fracture. Not only was he reached, but a blade and tackle was rigged up to lower him to safety.

And last instance of all, a man buried in the collapse of 150 sacks of rice. The ambulance men burrowed through this mountain of cereals to the oxygen that kept him alive, made him comfortable, and in the end, despite the danger of further falls of rice, which can be as dangerous as coal in quantity, got him out alive.

Always ready

And as for the speed with which the work—well, six and a half minutes the average time taken to answer a call taking into consideration the most accessible and inaccessible parts of London alike. When twenty-two tons of coping stone fell in East London recently, killing one and injuring seven, the ambulance was on the spot in a few minutes.

The girl who answered the call to study the lights and find more available ambulances on that occasion. The second ambulance arrived one minute after the first. Four more were there within another fourteen minutes.

And no matter what kind of expert, what special apparatus, might have been necessary on that occasion, the girl who first answered the call would have done her job to the very end.

The London service has been taken as an example. The fact is that in every well-ordered city there is such a service to look after you if ill should befall you. While you walk across the road, as you step off a pavement indiscreetly, you are waiting—waiting for that call of "Ambulance!"

Let us hope you will never need it. But let us hope, too, that if you do, you will find it as ready as all good authorities intend it to be.



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... Is your trouble



HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

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So every day that you put off getting a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

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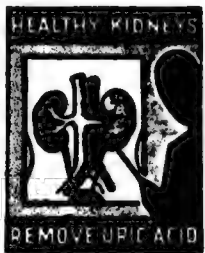
If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Your kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

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Kidney trouble yields almost like magic to a remedy that has behind it fifty years of public approval—De Witt's Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They act directly upon the kidneys, cleanse them, strengthen them, and help them to carry out their work of removing uric acid from the system. Within 24 hours of taking the first few De Witt's Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you will know they have acted on the kidneys. Then comes a feeling of fitness and well-being, telling you that your system is being rid of the harmful uric acid that attacked every muscle and joint in your body. Take De Witt's Pills, and once again enjoy life. Price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.



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MAKE YOUR
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KIDNEY AND BLADDER
PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

At some of the biggest sporting events of this summer vigilant spectators will be able to see flights of pigeons rise into the air at a critical juncture.

It happened at the Cup Final at Wembley when, at half-time, some hundreds of them rose with messages giving the state of the game attached to their legs, a reminder that even in these days of wireless broadcasting and evening papers that can print news a hundred miles away in two minutes, old-fashioned methods are often the best.

It is known that three hundred West Bromwich followers at least took their pigeons to the match—singly in paper bags, or in threes or fours in small travelling baskets—and Sheffield Wednesday's adherents were certainly not beaten in this respect.

And so, just as in the old days, in scores of tiny villages where wireless sets are a luxury and evening papers arrive hours late, the news as to how the great game was faring arrived by the primitive method of news transmission used by the ancient Greeks when they sent accounts of their Olympic successes to Athens.

The pigeon, fifty years ago one of the most useful servants of mankind, is generally believed to be an almost useless bird now that the telephone and wireless telegraph have come to change our lives. But it is quite a mistaken idea.

Every hour of the day pigeons are flying in the service of somebody or other, carrying messages on which lives may depend, bearing weather reports that are going to aid shipping, helping the police in their eternal war against criminals, or even helping criminals to outwit the law! The pigeon can ask no questions. A duty is demanded of him, and, whether it is noble or nefarious, he does it.

There was a dramatic instance of the criminal uses to which he can be put only the other day, when a wealthy Belgian manufacturer received a carrier bird with a message that unless he sent it off with a certain sum attached his life would be in danger. He did so, the pigeon was followed by a fast military aeroplane until it was seen to go into its loft, and so an arrest was made.

But that the pigeon turned against his will to criminal uses is not always beaten by the law so easily is proved by the experience of the Cardiff police.

Drug centre

They are aware of the fact that Cardiff is a centre of drug trafficking, and that London and Liverpool buy considerable supplies locally. They know, too, that the highly expensive drug is sent from "opium headquarters" to distant agents by carrier pigeon. But as yet they have been powerless to trace the people releasing the birds or the owners of the lofts into which they take their tiny, death-dealing cargoes.

But let us be fair to the pigeon. For every such mission as this he carries out a hundred duties that are all for the public good.

He gave the police of several counties considerable help, for instance, when Britain's own Jack Diamond, the notorious Percy Topliss, was at large in the Highlands with the gun that he would never hesitate to use.

Messages sent from lonely hamlets where telephones were unknown did more than anything else to rally reinforcements.

It can be revealed, too, that at most

YOUR POULTRY PROBLEM

No one realises what really fresh eggs taste like until they have tried those produced by their own hens.

Not only are the eggs attractive, but poultry-keeping is a very profitable occupation....

So writes the Editor of *The Feathered World*, who has consented to answer any poultry problems sent to him by our readers.

Write to him at 9a, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply

Every hour of the day pigeons are flying in the service of someone. This one is being sent with film from a distant country place to a city newspaper office



BIRD of all Work

county police stations, even in these days of instantaneous communications, registers of pigeon lofts in the locality are kept, so that the authorities would not be entirely helpless against bandits if snow or blizzard or any other such cause should lead to a breakdown of communications.

In Wales, only a few months ago, the police, accompanying a column of marchers from whom trouble was expected, sent reports to headquarters by releasing birds at regular intervals.

20,000 "reserve"

And although none of our public services is now in possession of pigeon lofts—Britain's Government-owned pigeons went into retirement when H.M.S. *Furious* handed in her birds late in 1923—the authorities pride themselves that they could muster quite 20,000 birds within twenty-four hours of an emergency, and it is a well-known fact that there would have been a mobilisation of all the nation's trained birds if the General Strike had continued another week.

Pigeons are put to some strange uses at times. The recent acquittal by the House of Lords of a man named Woolmington, after a jury had said he was guilty of the murder of his wife, recalls one.

The first message about Mrs. Woolmington's death received by her family, who lived thirty miles away, consisted of the four words: "Violet dead. Husband arrested," brought to the family pigeon loft by a carrier pigeon they had given away a few weeks before. A brother of the dead woman had used this means of carrying the bad news quickly to other members of his family.

Another curious use was witnessed by the warden who opened the gates of Pentonville Prison early one morning to release the usual contingent of men who have served the terms imposed on them by the law.

He saw a man waiting outside with

a pigeon cupped in his right hand. Then, when a North-country prisoner walked out to liberty, he saw the flung high into the air to carry news home to the man's family.

Among the most important pigeons in the kingdom are those taken on lighthouse keepers who keep lonely off parts of the Scottish coast. There being no other means of communication with the shore, they are released with items of news about weather and condition of the sea, some being kept strictly in reserve in case of illness or some similar emergency should arise.

Then there are several lofts at Folkestone way filled with pigeons have every right to blow their chests so proudly.

Have you ever wondered how messages reach England as to the swimmers of Channel swims, even when swimmers are accompanied by rowing boats obviously too small to carry wireless? Well, the answer lies in these birds, which are taken out by journalists and released at regular intervals, the news they carry is circulated by more modern methods of communication to newspapers all Europe.

Uses in war

People who enjoy their newspapers owe more gratitude to pigeons than they imagine. Some of the most interesting flashes of news about ships held on the Goodwins and other dangers have been sent by enterprising journalists who have sailed out to things for themselves, with pigeon their little helpmeets. And several newspapers still use pigeons to get news of football matches that take place in Scotland.

What better way could there be of sending off messages about the progress of yacht races, seeing that transmitting a message would only get in the way of sails? And the story is told on the Exchange of how a stockbroker gave regular instructions to his office from an isolated fishing village in Cornwall, by the use of carrier birds.

Even in the piping days of peace pigeons are war-time uses for British forces.

Japan maintained its communication in its recent war with China by means of pigeon post—and they were birds at that. Those that had not been bought and exported to Japan were for that war were the descendants of birds bought by Japan from the British Government at the close of the First War.

"Useless things," many people say when they see a carrier pigeon flying overhead in that wonderful straight line of flight that always distinguishes it from other birds. "I don't see why people trouble to keep them."

Let us hope that these facts will do to disillusion them.

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Miss A. Willson, 11, South Preston Terrace, Albion Rd., North Shields.

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1 Heavy Yorkshire White Handed Blankets, full size, 90 in. x 90 in.
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(White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 53 x 53 in. with newest style coloured borders, gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Mica, Crimson, Olive, etc., on 7 zips grounds, new colours, Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 90 in.
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A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even where all else has failed, have brought so many imitations that you must be very careful to insist on the original product bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. Always see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" and ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article. The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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SEABIRDS circling in summer skies, trout leaping in the rippling stream, butterflies fluttering along fragrant hedgerows—these are all sights that once gladdened my eyes. But that was before war closed in on humanity and robbed me of the most precious gift of all—eyesight.

Thank heaven, however, it did not rob me of a vision that enables me to see clearly that war is nothing more or less than a legalised form of murder.

As the greatest of all French war generals, Napoleon himself, said on one occasion: "War is the trade of savages and barbarians."—"Paz," Lanark.

Madness

If two decent men have a dispute and cannot settle it by mutual agreement they do not roll up their sleeves and fight it out; they seek redress in the law courts.

But when nations quarrel, instead of following the above procedure, they begin wholesale destruction and murder by every device that science can provide, until what might have been settled in a few hours of peaceful discussion develops into a holocaust of precious human life.

Any sane civilisation would abolish war; it is madness.—J. H., Salop.

Trite Phrases

"Never again!—the war that ends war!" and such like trite phrases echoed round the world for a few years after the Great War. Maybe it was because everywhere disabled ex-Service men were in evidence, heartbreaking examples of war's cruel futility.

Years have passed, and with them the majority of the battered remnants of a generation—dead or forgotten.

The best answer against war is to bring realisation to the rising generation of the physical horrors they may expect from another.—T. L., Littlestone.

Vote for Peace

Every thinking man and woman must realise that whereas the last war was fought at a distance, another would be on our own doorstep.

With the progress of aviation, hostile air-raids of great magnitude would be inevitable. The whole nation, including women and children, would be in the "front line."

The best answer against that happening lies in the hands of the people. Let every man and woman vote to elect an M.P. who is entirely anti-war, and so ensure a policy of peace.—G. N., Middlesex.

Only Answer

To my mind a strong and fearless administration of the League of Nations is the only answer. As originally planned, the League has the power to outlaw war and to make such a law really effective.

The co-operation of the League's members in a truly constructive spirit would suffice to render this possibility an actual fact, to stop such things as the impending arms race, and to make war the

Race with "Silver Ring"

A GAIN the question is Bahram or Bobsleigh?

Lord Derby's champion came into his own when slamming Hairan and company in the Newmarket Stakes, and it will not surprise me if he starts favourite for the Derby.

I mentioned that he ran green in the Guineas, and that Perryman—well over a bruised shoulder—would be able to do him greater justice on other occasions.

So much was proved, but there is still the question of how will he act on the Epsom gradients?

I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the Epsom classic, but my selection is going to be:

BAHRAM.

The Aga Khan's colt has done everything that has been asked of him, and done it well.

Bahram can act on a gradient; Bobsleigh is temperamental.

Bahram has the necessary tackle (Theft) to make the pace for him, and I am quite prepared to see Gordon Richards, on the second string, do it to such purpose that Bobsleigh will be sprawling making the descent round Tattenham Corner.

A number of readers have asked for a good long-shot. There does not appear to be one, but I have been advised to go for the Whatcombe colt, Duke John.

Best Answer Against WAR



were forbidden to produce arms at a profit to any one, or be placed under national control, the preparations for war would be profitless.

The makers of such fiendish apparatus would then look for other ways and means of filling their pockets, for arms would no longer hold a profitable interest.—N. D., Bath

All Lose

In this materialistic age the best answer against war is: "We cannot afford it."

A "Profit and Loss" account of the last "successful" war would clearly prove that and would

show that in war there is no possibility of profit for any combatant. Indeed, there is a certainty of very heavy loss for all.

The whole of Germany could have been bought by the Allies for less money than they wasted in killing its peoples; another war would end civilisation.—H. B., Purley

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ultimate sin against man and God.—B. E. S., West Bromwich.

Tragic Sight

In the Government's decision that gas-mask drills are necessary for the entire population lies the best answer against war.

A sadder sight than that of a baby with its face hidden by a grotesque and horrible contrivance would be hard to imagine.

The very idea must make every decent person blush for humanity and determine to fight tooth and nail to root up every conceivable cause of war.—Mrs. M. E. H., Huddersfield.

A Gamble

Every wife and every mother is the great answer against war. She who has lost her protector faces lonely years and a horrid struggle for sustenance for herself and perhaps fatherless children. The mother who loses her son has lost a great part of her.

War is a gamble with woman as the loser. The en masse sufferings of millions of women who have lost is an offence against humanity.

The struggle with a depleted exchequer and inevitable high prices makes the lot of the man who has oblivion in death seem even enviable.—Mrs. R., Yorks.

Forbid Profits

That a human person, as he calls himself, should be allowed to obtain money from articles made to destroy humanity, health and happiness is abominable.

If laws were enforced so that manufacturers of armaments of all countries

"My Four Boys"

When visiting a remote Wiltshire village I made my way to the tiny church. I observed the bowed figure of an elderly woman engaged in prayer, and, being little of interest in the church, tip-toed past the kneeling figure and cast my eye over the local "Roll of Honour." It bore the names of scores of villagers many bearing the same name.

After a while I became aware of some one by my side and, turning, saw the tear-stained face of my silent companion. "My four boys," she whispered, pointing to the tablet.—R. L. H., Mere.

Will It do So?

Isn't our Christianity the best answer against war? Yet, what is the Church doing to prevent the possibility of another Armageddon?

Every nation of importance is piling up armaments and engines of destruction. The mad race goes on and the mad race—the street is helpless. Some day the spark will touch the powder, then—what?

I firmly believe the Church is still the greatest Power. It has the people behind it if only it will take the necessary lead. Will the Church do so before it is too late?—"Hopeful," Birmingham.

Drastic, But—

Drop all the glorification of war at present instilled into our schoolchildren by military parades and out-of-date history books.

Let education authorities compel all classes to attend monthly lectures on the horrors of modern fighting, illustrated by uncensored films taken of the last conflict. Let us impress upon the young generation the real nature of the wound and the ghastly sufferings they will be forced to endure if Peace is again broken.

Drastic? Yes—but having learned that war is no exciting adventure but sheer unjustifiable savagery, the coming leaders of Britain will be prepared to sacrifice a lot for Peace.—"Schoolmistress," Salisbury.

The commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill." That, I think, is ample reason why war should be ruled out.—H. C., Edinburgh.

An international police force, under the direction of the League of Nations, could effectively prevent another war. The cost of such would be negligible compared with the present and future cost of mad armaments race.—J. J. S., Ashington

Bahram Best

A son of Blandford, like Bahram, Duke John has had only one race. This was in the valuable National Produce Stakes at Sandown Park. "The Duke" was a 13 to 8 favourite. Theft started at 5 to 2 and the winner was Bahram, who was a 20 to 1 shot. Duke John was sixth, but obviously needed the race.

My selection for the Salisbury is Boloater.

Lingfield will present the Derby Trial Stakes this week-end, the event April the Fifth won prior to capturing the Derby.

I do not suppose that the Aga Khan will run Bahram, Theft or Hairan. If this surmise be correct, Sea Bequest will probably annex the spoils.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 23, to Wednesday, May 29.

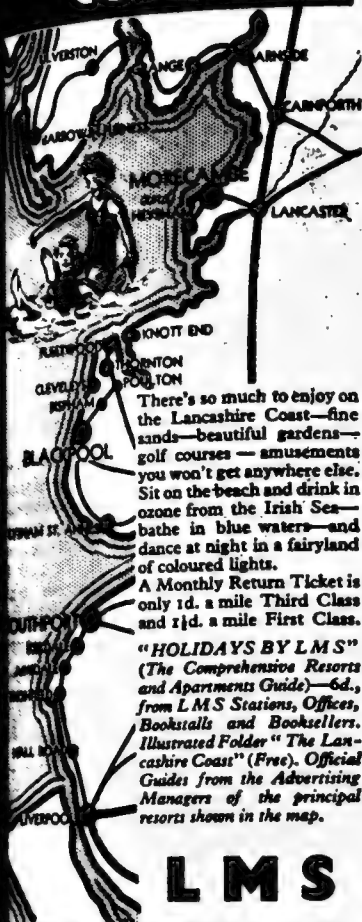
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: Q9893FQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW94962S would read CARETTA.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. "Letter" "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 28.

Most Deserving Mother I Know
See page 8

Come to the LANCASHIRE COAST



There's so much to enjoy on the Lancashire Coast—fine sands—beautiful gardens—golf courses—amusements—you won't get anywhere else. Sit on the beach and drink in ozone from the Irish Sea—bathe in blue waters—and dance at night in a fairyland of coloured lights. A Monthly Return Ticket is only 1d. a mile Third Class and 1d. a mile First Class.

"HOLIDAYS BY LMS"
(The Comprehensive Resorts and Apartments Guide)—6d., from LMS Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Illustrated Folder "The Lancashire Coast" (Free). Official Guides from the Advertising Managers of the principal resorts shown in the map.

LMS

FROM MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

This FREE Parcel STOPPED MY HAIR TROUBLE

Millions of men and women have solved their Hair Problems by accepting our Free Offer of ANY 3 of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations described below.

1. HARLENE HAIR GROWER & TONIC

"Harlene-Hair-Drill" performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimp, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

2. CREMEX SHAMPOO

"Cremex" is the Queen of Shampoos—unequalled for its cleansing power. Free Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 3d. each).

3. UZON BRILLIANTINE

Those who use a Brilliantine will find none to equal "Uzon." Especially beneficial to those with over-dry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/3, 2/6 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4. HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods—protects against Fox, Mist, Damp and even Sea Air. Saves 1/3 on Hair Waving Bills! 7/6 and 1/3 per bottle.

5. HARLENE CANOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-roll," sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- per bottle.

6. ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your hair is Grey, you should use Astol, which quickly restores the Hair to Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- per bottle.



SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Please state which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address. Edwards Harlene Ltd. (H.800), 20, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. Stamp your envelope with 1d. stamp. This offer does not apply to I.P.S.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."



KEATING'S POWDER

THE PROVED INSECTICIDE

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

KEEP SPRING AILMENTS AT BAY WITH 'ASPRO'



The change over of the seasons provides a health problem for many. The changeable weather means ills and chills, discomfort—headaches—nerviness—rheumatic twinges—belated 'flu attacks—petty colds and other complaints too numerous to

particularise here. The point to remember—the wise course to follow—is to stamp out these petty complaints at once with the great household remedy, 'ASPRO,' which is at your immediate service—at small cost. Keep 'ASPRO' handy—in your bag—in your home.

YOU WILL FIND 'ASPRO' A COMFORTER—A PROTECTOR AND A FRIEND IN NEED

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE



Read this living proof
FAMILY BENEFITED COLD BANISHED BY 'ASPRO' IN ONE NIGHT

68, Oliphant Street, Queen's Park, London, W.10.
Dear Sir,
I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism, my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.
Yours truly, J. WISEMAN.

Hill-Side Stores, Lawford, Essex.
Dear Sir,
I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.—Yours gratefully, C. MATTHORN.

Try 'ASPRO' for
INFLUENZA HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
GOUT RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
MAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
Agents:
GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
(Aspro Dept.),
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formulae
MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3° 6° 1/3 2/6

ASPRO
REGD TRADE MARK

Straight through this
Puzzle



TO 'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION PRIZE

30! £300! £300! £300!
WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS CASH AND HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £850

£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer....
TO BE DESPATCHED WED. JUNE 26

£100 HOLIDAY EXTRA for Runners-up from whom we receive two or more entries in same envelope.

YOUR holiday problems can all be swept away by solving our 307th puzzle on this page—and not only your holiday problems, either!
By beating all other entrants in this Contest you would secure at once the substantial sum of £300, followed by a 30s. Life Pension payment from "John Bull" every Saturday for the rest of your days.
These two prizes would dispose of your everyday troubles—and your holiday problems would be settled for life by the arrival this summer and every summer of a £30 Holiday Cheque!
If you prefer one cash award to the 3-in-1 Prize, then you will be able to select instead the splendid sum of £850 cash. For those who just miss the top of the prize-list there is an increased holiday sum of £150 to be divided. A further £100 and Unlimited Surprise Awards are also to be distributed as announced.
See that you complete your study of this week's "100 per cent. Entertainment" Crossword in time for your squares to reach us by noon on Thursday, May 30.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a £30 holiday prize annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received two or more entries in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 6, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 13.

STUDY THESE CLUES

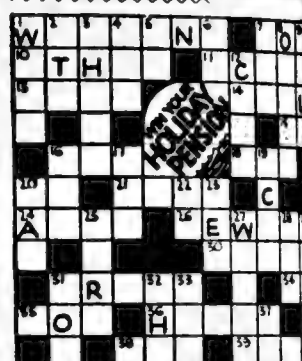
- ACROSS**
- Is seen hanging out on Mondays
 - It's mother's especial one to bath baby
 - "When — lips"
 - Sudden fright
 - Twenty quires of paper
 - This precious stone has a milky hue
 - Head and tail of tail
 - Holidays by this are healthy
 - Is worn with collar
 - Only half fill
 - What one's more likely to do if goods in window attract
 - Many nations are piling up these
 - Cutters of wood and coal
 - With such a twang the Yankee talks
 - It takes a lot to scare them
 - Common to push and pull
 - Treading on this may lead to smack in the face
 - Without these people despair
 - Troubles are always associated with
 - Field of potatoes contains these
- DOWN**
- What you find in the garden
 - Consumed
 - May result in your getting out
 - Garment's border
 - Irritation starts thus
 - End of legs
 - Is often confused with Chinaman
 - What public speakers do
 - Is sometimes ignored by bus driver
 - Using good paint on house produces heavy one
 - Often commences indignant letter
 - He brays
 - Hot sunshine makes them sell
 - Smoke may be drawn through this
 - Exclamation of surprise
 - The fountain type saves time
 - Often makes heavy going
 - Ice may melt away in this
 - Erring schoolboy gets on knuckles
 - There are few green leaves left where these are abundant
 - He helps you to get home
 - What person?
 - Convulsive sigh
 - Remove nearly all from also

X-WORD RESULT

The Solution and Winners in Competition No. 305 and the Solution of Competition No. 306 will be published in "John Bull" next week, as announced.

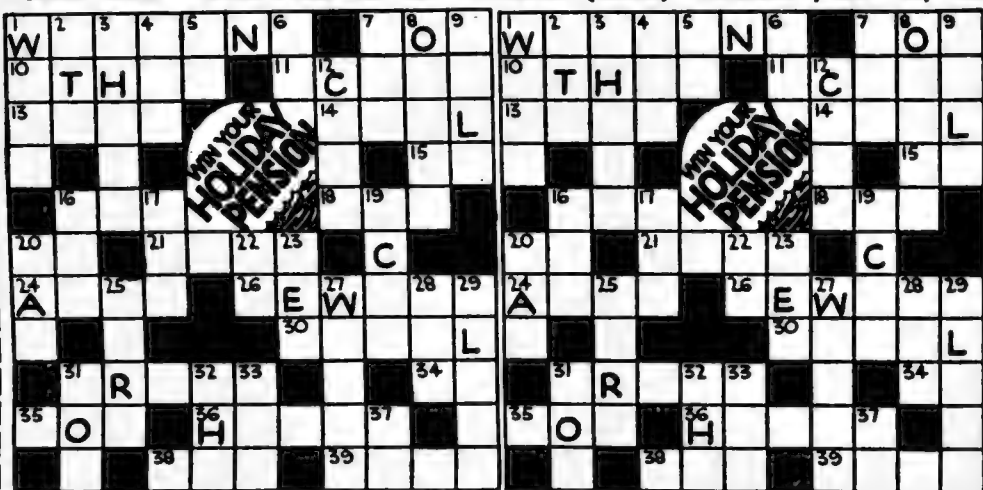
KEEP YOUR COPIES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are to be used for keeping copies of your solution.



NEWBORN'S PRIZE
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the person from whom this contest's first prize winner's name is chosen by the "John Bull" should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shared prize winners.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 307—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1935



J-B 307

J-B 307

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

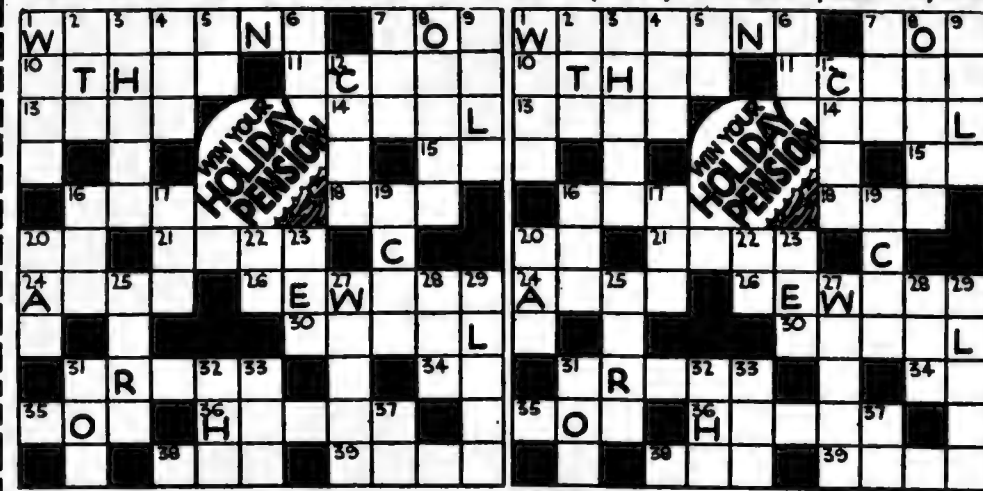
SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 307—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1935



J-B 307

J-B 307

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull," Crossword No. 307, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

MORE FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it (& Co.); write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 30, 1935.
- In addition to two shilling entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 13, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 25, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.
- In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.
- Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

THE EDITOR

LAUGHS LAST



Horticulturist (Welwyn).—"I know of a grocer who has had a rose named after him." We know of a grocer's errand boy who ought to have a creeper named after him.



THE KID

F. M. (Iver).—"Hats off to our doctors!" And tongues out!

K. H. (Kettering).—"The majority of auctioneers are good conversationalists." Naturally, they have lots to talk about.

Bowler (Baldock).—"I have been bowling goggles for our club for the last twenty years." But not without a break?

C. H. (Luton).—"What can I do to stop my hands being so rough after gardening?" Employ a gardener.

DETECTIVE (London, W.).—"I tried to surprise my man by wearing a false moustache." And did it come off?

C. H. (Hull).—"I was so worried when the bailiffs came in that I lost my appetite." Didn't they take away anything else?

INTELLECTUAL (Chelsea).—"I may tell you that I have recently produced a ten-thousand word poem." And now you are anxiously awaiting the critics' reports to learn what it is all about?

V. A. (Bristol).—"Owing to a broken axle, I was on the suspension bridge for an hour and a half." You were held up.

PROGRESS (Clapham).—"Why not education by easy payments?" Lots of youngsters would welcome deferred terms.

FILM ASPIRANT (Elstree).—"I'm going to be a smashing success in pictures." Going to get a break?

G. H. (Dover).—"My secret of good health is a raw onion a day." But there's nothing secret about a raw onion.

Mrs. F. W. (Margate).—"There should be very little wasted when scraping a carrot." Not even the thin end of the veg?

R. A. G. (Streatham).—"I work in a laundry and my time is fully occupied in typing invoices and statements." For services rendered?

F. V. B. (Kenton).—"A pickpocket stole my wallet, but I was carrying my money in my hip pocket." So you are relieved in more ways than one.

HUSBAND (Parkhead).—"My wife really does get her clothes for a mere song!" And when she tells you, it must be music to your ears.

CAREFUL (Westminster).—"Remember that it is easy to take out two banknotes when you only meant to have taken out one." Not in these hard times.

EIGHTY-EIGHT (Manaton).—"I'm not one of those old fools always hankering after the food of my youth." Since you have no longer the teeth of your youth.

S. D. (Holloway).—"I read a boy of thirteen has been telling a Sunday newspaper just what is wrong with the men of to-day." Well, that was safer than telling father.

SEAMSTRESS (West End).—"When a theatrical producer asked me to construct an old-fashioned corset without the usual stiffeners I immediately complied." You made no bones about it.

WAITER (London, W.).—"I am taking a seaside job for the summer because the trippers know how to spend their money." And you think the change will do you good?

P. M. S. (Rustington).—"No one can hope to make a success of his job by just letting things slide." Unless, of course, he happens to be an instructor at an ice rink.

INVENTOR (London, W.C.1).—"I have discovered a scheme for making shoe leather last twice as long, but cannot find a market for it anywhere." You're finding it a tough proposition.

D. F. (Oban).—"Scotsmen are restless men and won't be found sitting down for very long periods." Unless, of course, the deck-chair ticket man is nowhere in sight.

J. L. (Hallwell).—"The purveying of ice will never be such a successful trade in this country that it is in America." It's a business that can soon go into liquidation, anyway.

C. E. T. (Hastings).—"With skill you can get sixpence back for a penny in some of these automatic machines." Surely £1,000 for sixpence and some skill with words is a better proposition—see page 47.

E. W. (Southampton).—"A well-known building contractor has made the study of wild birds his hobby." We understand that the one he is never tired of watching is the crane.

BERT (Andover).—"At a dance the other night I felt very silly when I stood on the edge of a girl's frock, and fell over." It is always dangerous to get on a moving train.

R. C. (Whitstable).—"I put five pennies in the telephone box, and then the girl gave me the wrong number." She made sure, though, that you put the right number in.

MABEL (Angmering).—"I was so surprised when my young man suggested that we should be married that I overbalanced from the punt and went with a splash into the river." So you fell in with his proposal.

H. L. (Surbiton).—"One motorist of my acquaintance has invented a gadget which gives him audible warning when he exceeds thirty miles an hour." The majority of motorists, however, are content to take their wives with them.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS! CONQUERED!

Remarkable Testimonials
Definitely Prove this
Revolutionizing Claim.

"ACID SECRET" OF RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS POSITIVELY CONQUERED!

10,000 free trial treatments are ready for distribution to sufferers from RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SWOLLEN JOINTS, excruciating SCIATICA, NEURITIS, and allied complaints

HERE IS PROOF!

(Original of this letter & thousands of others can be seen at our offices.)

"I have suffered for more than 20 years from Rheumatoid Arthritis. I have tried scores of so-called remedies without deriving any good. I have just finished the sixth bottle of your 'Curicones' and the result is simply marvellous. I found relief from the first dose and I am now quite all right. There is not a trace of the disease left. My joints and muscles are free, the swellings have gone down, and all pain has vanished. I am fully restored to health after being a cripple for so long."
WM. STEELE, St. Helens.

RHEUMATIC SHOULDER JOINT



BEFORE taking "CURICONES"

Note the thickened cartilage and "lipped" bone caused by the presence of rheumatic crystals—Uric, Hippuric and Lactic acids and other acids and poisons. Partial dislocation is followed by stiffening of the joint, rendering the whole limb "fixed" and useless.

AFTER taking "CURICONES"



"Curicones" dissolve and eliminate the razor-edged crystals in the joints, muscles and blood-stream which cause the fiery tortures of rheumatic agony. Pain is banished, swelling reduced, stiffness relieved through the natural agency of the blood-stream. "Curicones" will completely rid the system of excessive acid crystals and poisons

3,200 DOCTORS APPROVE

More than 3,200 British Doctors have written in praise of "Curicones" stating that they are prescribing them in daily practice. Even advanced cases of Rheumatoid Arthritis, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis and Sciatica once considered hopeless, yield to the new discovery without interference with daily occupation. "Curicones" are simply small gelatine capsules, pleasant and easy to take, containing a new combination of anti-acid and anti-microbial elements approved by British Pharmaceutical Authorities.

FREE TRIAL—WRITE AT ONCE

A generous FREE supply of "Curicones" for test purposes is offered to every sufferer of a Rheumatic disorder. With the sample you will receive an interesting booklet and diet table explaining the HOW AND WHY of this epoch-making discovery and containing an amazing number of endorsements from well-known physicians and other prominent people. Write immediately for your free treatment. The supply is limited and delay unwise.

TEAR THIS COUPON OUT AND POST IT or Postcard will do.

To STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD.,
Mfg. Chemists & Druggists (Dept. J.B.7.),
19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
Please send FREE and post paid, a Trial Supply of "CURICONES" with printed particulars of HOW and WHY they conquer Rheumatic and allied ailments.

Name

Address

Amount

Please write in Block Letters

CURICONES are stocked by all Chemists. For Free Sample, however, Post the Coupon above.

NESTLÉ'S COMPETITION RESULTS FOR APRIL.

Ralph Lynn Awards £800 in PRIZES.

"John Bull" Reader Wins 3rd Prize!

MR. RALPH LYNN, the famous film and stage star, has completed the judging in the first Nestlé's Chocolate "What would you say?" Competition.

The winners of the first three prizes are announced on page 37, and Mrs. Colley, to whom the 3rd prize of £50 is awarded, is a reader of "John Bull." Other prizes up to a total of £800 have been awarded to all prize-winners.

All prize-winners, including the confectioners of the prize-winners, have been notified, but a full list will be sent to all applicants enclosing 4d. stamp to Nestlé's Competition Result Department, Silverthorne Road, Battersea.

NOW—Here's YOUR CHANCE TO WIN!

The second great prize-list in this fascinating easy-for-all competition is still open. It may be what you say that will win for you one of the big money prizes in the May Competition, in which further cash prizes to the value of £800 are again being awarded. Don't overlook this unique opportunity, but turn to page 37 and send in your entry in the Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition for May, which closes on May 31st.

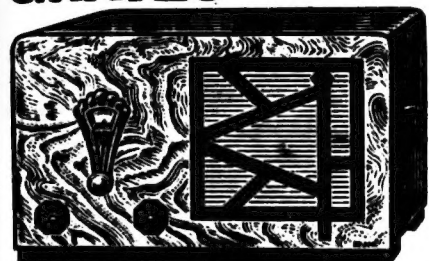
Send in your entry at once. You can send in as many as you like provided you comply with the simple conditions outlined in the announcement on page 37.

See page 37.

Send for this FREE Furnishing Catalogue

ON page 29 Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of John Bull a Beautiful Photographic Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Special Furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms. A free copy of Jay's excellent Catalogue can be obtained by filling in the coupon in their announcement on page 29 and posting in an unsealed envelope bearing 4d. stamp. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. John Bull, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



THE GRAVES NATIONAL 3-VALVE
Battery—driven self-contained Set
WITH A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING
IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS,
AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL
LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.
Fitted Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9 in. Illuminated
Tuning Dial, British Valves, H.T. Battery,
Accumulator and Aerial Equipment. Nothing
else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.10.0 or 8/- monthly.
Fuller Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains
or Batteries including Hand Pans, Super-Hot Sets, etc.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

The Graves LADY'S "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, all bright parts Chromium Plated, Raised Handlebars or to order, Open Centre Metal Chain Cover, Double Roller Lever Brakes, Rear Reflector, Set of Accor-series. Carriage Paid £3.17.6 or £2 now and 14 monthly payments of 52. Gent's model same price. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmy Archer 3-Speed £4.17.6 or 4/- monthly. See advertisement for details. Gent's, Juveniles, & Traders' Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**

SUFFERER FROM PILES FOR 25 YEARS. NOW QUITE CURED.

That is the happy experience of Mr. W. P. S., of Long Eaton, who writes:—"I have been a great sufferer for the past 25 years, and have tried almost every supposed cure for rectal trouble. Some two months ago I had the worst attack I have ever had, being at home from my business for a month. I really thought I had finished my business career for good. I was advised that my only hope was a very severe operation. This I refused to submit to after using your treatment. I am delighted to say that I have never felt better in my life. I am absolutely free from pain, and have just received an acceptance as a first-class life from an Insurance Company (at 64 years of age). You can imagine this is like a new lease of life to me, as I can get about freely and am as active as I was at 30." M. S. S., of Redmire, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the splendid treatment you sent me some time ago. Previous to receiving same I had suffered for years through Itching Piles, and hardly had a night's rest, but now I feel fit and can sleep and rest in comfort. Your Magic Pile Cure is splendid, and I only wish that I could tell people about it, as I feel sure many are suffering from this awful malady, but most people are shy of mentioning a cure."

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful power of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment is amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application and effects a cure in the shortest possible time.

Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to-day for the Free Trial.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.25, NEW COURT, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

SKIN DISEASES New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world...."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP

30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.
The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY LTD.
(Dept. 15A), Cecil Ho. 95, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

I have treated — for Rheumatism — with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. M. C. N.—, S.R.N. Free sample from New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, From your Chemist, 1/3 and 2/6.

He chose FOUR WORDS

and wrote
off his

MORTGAGE

How Clerk Saved

23 Years' Saving



SOMETHING happened the other Friday morning at 40, Julia Avenue, Erdington, Birmingham, which thrillingly jolted Mrs. K. Tongue out of her daily round.

Just as she was leaving for a walk with three-year-old Beryl, a telegram arrived. A minute later, off she dashed to the nearest telephone to ring up her husband, a clerk in the store-room of a Birmingham motor repair works.

A few breathless words and Mr. Tongue was soon the centre of an excited group of fellow "Bulleterers" and other workmates, all congratulating him on winning our splendid 980th First Prize—£800 and a Millionaire's Radio Gramophone.

When I called to offer congratulations, writes a JOHN BULL representative, I learnt that the few words which Mr. Tongue fitted together and wrote on a Bullets coupon are going to write off a debt which would have taken him all the best years of his life to pay.

"We're buying this house which we've been in since last September," he told me. "In the ordinary way, it would have taken me until 1957 to make it our own. Now, thanks to JOHN BULL, I shall be able to avoid all that and have a tidy sum left to invest for the future."

"Four years ago, if anybody had said this could happen to me, I'd have laughed at him. But I've

learnt a lot since I took up Bullets. What a lot he owes to the friend who first introduced him to the Competition by showing him a copy of JOHN BULL free weekly guide to the Bullets prize-hunt. "The Bulletin has been a wonderful help to me," remarked Mr. Tongue. "My earnest competitor should be without those pages of guidance."

One of the lessons he learnt from the pages was the value of topicality—and you can see how he turned it to good advantage in his ingenious and amusing BULL IN THE GARDEN—I'M "KING." "IN "GEORGE —!"

Before this big success, Mr. Tongue called, he had won £30, a Radio Gramophone, and a number of smaller prizes. "So it has paid me to stick to my hobby," he said.

"Now we're looking forward to our first real holiday since we were married four years ago," he continued delightedly. "It will be something to remember, indeed."

Free Help for You

"I have to thank Bullets Bulletin all along—first for introducing me to Bullets, now for the way it showed me how to win."

That is how Mr. Tongue, the £800 winner, sums up what he owes to the bright little weekly supplied free to him by JOHN BULL each Thursday.

You also can secure this unique guide to Bullets success for the mere cost of postage—use the Easy Registration Coupon on the opposite page!

As I left this happy young couple, to whom JOHN BULL is bringing the satisfaction of a home of their own, I thought of our 978th First Prize winner, now planning a Highlife the Bullets home he has dreamed about. Soon you may be doing the same thing thanks to winning the week's First Prize of £1,000—that is, if you take for this giant cheque.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 981

FIRST PRIZE, £750 AND FURNISHED JUBILEE ROOM

W. A. GORDON, "Kirkside," Hart Lane, West Hartlepool.

Example: MARCH OF TIME

Bullet: THAT'S FRIENDSHIP'S "TEST PIECE."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 AND JUBILEE ROOM:

Mrs. E. A. BLOW, 127, Chickerell Road, Weymouth, Dorset.

Example: On His Toes
Bullet: Father, Dreading Word "Go!"

THIRD PRIZE, £25 AND JUBILEE ROOM:

A. DENTON, Inglenook, Lower Gravel Road, Bromley Common, Kent.

Example: After All
Bullet: Lowest "Nest" Beats Loneliness.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

F. BAILEY, 583, High Lane, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
History—Glorifies Sons—Disgraces Sonny.

E. C. BEGLEY, 29, Clayton Crescent, Brentford, Middlesex.
What The Applicant Said—"Last Employer? He's Outside!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. A. BOOTH, 21, Redesdale Avenue, Radford, Coventry.
March Of Time—Grandpa "Reviews" On Horseshair.

E. DARWELL, 16, Cell Barnes Lane, St. Albans.
Job For Epstein—"Madonna"—In Gas-mask!

J. A. FREEMAN, 51, Witham, Hull.
To Save Europe—And Sonny, I'll Fight!

K. B. HAGREEN, Belmont, Hereford.
On His Toes—Reason Boots Aren't Cracked.

H. LEGG, "Ivanhoe," West Road, Loftus, Yorks.
When I Retire—When? I'm Too "Retiring."

T. MACDONALD, 60, Rydal Drive, Bexley Heath.
When I Retire—Perhaps "Long Hours" Differently.

MAY, 113, Chatham Street, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.
On His Toes—Jumping Over The Mooners.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

D. R. WILLIAMS, 18, Cromwell Street, Andover, Wiltshire.
Life's Sunshine—Missed—Why He's "Red!"

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. FILDES, 28, Kingsley Road, Oldham.
Slavery—Manifest Where Money First.

Mrs. B. FORSTER, 242, Parrow Road, North Manchester.
March Of Time—Clothes Save—Exposed Civilisation.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. HUGHES, Thornhill, Stalbridge, Dorset.
To Save Europe—Bayonets! Give Limited Knives!

Miss H. J. JOHNSON, Brook House, Broom's Barn, Derbyshire.
Rat-a-tat—At Mars' Door, To Be Taken!

P. LLOYD, 35, Kilvey Terrace, St. Thomas, Swansea.
To Save Europe—More P. Lloyds Progress.

R. G. MORTIER, 95, South Circular Road, Rialto, Dublin.
Black Treachery—Trust—Don't Lick Your Pantry!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. J. ROBERTS, 78, Wesley Road, Birmingham.
Green, Birmingham.
"Where Am I?"—Murmured—Unopposed.

E. SIMMONS, 6, Harley Court, Bristol.
With Her—Or Without, I'm "Heavy-Lidded!"

W. TAYLOR, 16, Avondale Road, Huddersfield.
When I Retire—"Good Job, I'm Retiring!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. I. TURNER, The Haven, Cheltenham.
Cheltenham.
March Of Time—Arrested—Am I "Sick?"

Hiking!

A list of 50 10s. and 750 Jubilee Surprise Award winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED

£1000

Cash FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS ... AND

GIANT ONE-WEEK 'BULLETS' PRIZE

10,599 OTHER PRIZES

£100 · £25 · £15 · £10

10 of £5 · 10 of £2.10s. · 75 of 10

ALL ABOVE WITH 'GIFT PENSION'

500 of 2/6 · 2,000 'Red Seals' · 8,000 'Targets'



UNIQUE 'GIFT PENSIONS'

one with each prize 10/- and over in this contest

* EVERY JUNE ON 'JOHN BULL'S' BIRTHDAY, COMMENCING THIS YEAR AND CONTINUING UNTIL 1944, 'GIFT PENSIONERS' WILL RECEIVE-

BIRTHDAY GIFT VALUE OVER £2.10s.

Be Quick - CONTEST CLOSSES SATURDAY, JUNE 1

TEN DAYS TO WIN £1,000 —99 OTHER BIG PRIZES!

ONE thousand pounds in solid cash is the colossal sum which will go to the sender of the best *Bullet* in JOHN BULL'S Giant One-week Offer before you to-day. Somebody's life is soon to be transformed by the blessings it provides, and that life can be yours.

As many as 99 other fine prizes are also waiting to be won—and all are big, because each, from 10s. up to £100, is augmented by a special "Gift Pension" as announced.

Bearing these 100 great 2-in-1 opportunities in mind, study the simple instructions below; they show you exactly how to make *Bullets*, though the main points to watch will be clear enough to anybody after examining the winning efforts in this week's prize-list on the previous page.

THE WAY TO WIN!

To make a *Bullet*, go slowly through the Examples, jotting down the thoughts which they recall and others which they suggest. Now try polishing each of these rough ideas into *Bullets*, bearing in mind that in its finished form, each effort should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the chosen Example and form an apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the Example LEARNING NOTHING. You might at first jot down the commonplace remark, *Child! Continually threatened*. After further consideration you could readily improve this to the finished *Bullet*, LEARNING NOTHING—THROUGH "I'LL TEACH YOU!"

Now settle down to making your own prize *Bullets*—and remember that you cannot capture one of those 100 big 2-in-1 prizes unless your entry reaches Long Acre by Saturday, June 1.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

OUR TREASURES
FLYING START
ONE FINE DAY
WRITING ON THE WALL
BLUE SKIES
ENGLISHMAN'S HOME
IN A BROWN STUDY
DAD LIKES WORK, BUT
MAN WHO'S IN
EXPERIENCE
SHE DECIDED
SHOWS HE'S YOUNG
TEST OF ENDURANCE
HE'S A WHITE MAN, SO
BLOW FOR PEACE
ON THE BRIDGE
FATEFUL HOUR
LAST CHAPTER
THE MAYOR BOWED AND
BURNING SHAME
VILLAGE GARGO
SHOOK THE FOUNDATIONS
BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY
UNDERSTANDING
SAID DAISY TO ROSE
BACK FROM THE HONEYMOON
FORLORN HOPE
THE HANGMAN
SHADY
AUNTIE'S LUGGAGE
MINISTERING ANGEL
LIKE A SNAIL
MORE BABIES
"I'LL CHANGE IT!"
LEARNING NOTHING
SHOCK FOR THE COLONEL

SAVE MONEY

by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance

FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

AFFIX
1½d. STAMP
HERE.

AFFIX
1½d. STAMP
HERE.

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A Co.". Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 988 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Grant, Woodlands Farm Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 985 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co."

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(985)

Closing
SAT.
June 1.

P.O.
No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(985)

Closing
SAT.
June 1.

P.O.
No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(985)

Closing
SAT.
June 1.

P.O.
No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(985)

Closing
SAT.
June 1.

P.O.
No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(985)

Closing
SAT.
June 1.

P.O.
No.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Should you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 985, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the whole-sale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.



It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

1/- LARGE TABLET 6d. NOW
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14),
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

SPA-SEL SALTS

The Regenerator of the Human Body

SPA-SEL is one of the most perfect SALTS that can be taken to purify the Blood, cleanse the kidneys, tone up the liver and keep the stomach in a perfect condition.

To keep young, and keep old age at bay, there is nothing more wonderful than Spa-sel Salts.

All acids are eliminated and no one can have Rheumatism, Arthritis, etc., with Spa-sel. All Toxine Poisoning is washed away from the system. It is the most perfect remedy ever known and the result is RADIANT HEALTH and the Skin looking perfect.

In Bottles at
9d. and 1/6

Post free from the:—
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. A.3),
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19



Father.—Why, you look perfectly fit—how marvellous! Why, I am sure you've got thinner—didn't you used to be stout?
Mother.—Of course I was stout and you know it. I have lost, with Spa-sel Salts, in one month, over half a stone, and I feel perfectly fit. There is one other thing I do—if I eat bread I do not eat potatoes, and if I eat potatoes I do not eat bread with my dinner, and not too much liquid. As you know, I had rheumatism, and suffered with terrible depression—that has all disappeared.
Father.—Don't you remember what shocking rheumatism I had, and it

has all gone since I took Spa-sel Salts?
Mother.—Good gracious, yes! No wonder you haven't complained lately—I thought digging the garden might have helped.
Father.—No—I was a thousand times worse when digging the garden. Now I can dig a hundred gardens and feel fine.
Daughter.—Well, I have been taking Spa-sel, too, and never told you that I had lost three-quarters of a stone and feel splendid. Before, I felt so languid and tired.
Mother.—We are all in perfect health now that we take Spa-sel Salts.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH SHAVEX

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave. Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor blade, and there is none better than the Shavex Blade, which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades, originally 4d. each, are now reduced to 2d. When asking your Chemist for Shavex, ask for the Magnificent Outfit, including a Silver-plated Razor with Six Blades for 1/-. Usual price 2/6.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SEND THIS COUPON TO DAY—
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.



Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the best shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.



Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARIKOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.



CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations.
ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.